

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEW/FOUNDLAND

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Commissary.

Price, 5 Cents.



[See article on p. 3,  
"Jim Hanson,"]

## Touring in Newfoundland

WITH

BRIGADIER AND MRS. SHARP.

Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp and their humble servant made a visit to three corps in the Bonavista District. Clarendville was the first place. We arrived about 12 o'clock, midnight. Lieut. Kidout and Sergt-Major Tilley, with a lance comrade and four unweaned men, "adherents," were there to greet us, and to take our luggage to the home of Sergt-Major Adey.

About five years ago the Salvation Army was invited to come and open fire, by an old veteran, well-known as Lucie Joe, who is at present Treasurer of the corps. In response to the invitation, Brigadier Sharp sent Capt. Thompson, who made up his mind that he would soon have a building to hold meetings in. He found a number of willing hands, the frame of the barracks was soon cut, erected, and shantied in, and meetings were commenced, souls were saved and a number enrolled as soldiers. Since then the work has been going on progress. The saved and unsaved have shown great interest with respect to the property, and whenever they have any time or money, they set to work to improve the same. At the present time it is in good condition; a road has been made to the graveyard, which is cleared out and nicely fenced in. Capt. Clark, the last officer, tolled hard, with a number of the soldiers and adherents, to get this completed.

The barracks will hold about 150 people; it is quite neat and clean, and, therefore, comfortable for the people; and the meetings being lively, it is an attraction to them. Two drums are now being purchased. Sergt-Major Mrs. Adey has been collecting for the same. This soldier is noted as a good collector; she not only has the name, but she also gets the money all right. A quarters has also been built and two rooms fitted up, and when the others are completed it will be a spirit did dwelling and compare with any on the island.

The meetings held there by the Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp proved a good success. The first meeting was full of life and real interest. The address by the Brigadier was very practical. Two songs were reproduced by the graphophone, to let the people know that the service of the next night would be no fake. The barracks was well packed for the graphophone service. The people came from a number of places round; some by boats, others had walked for miles. The songs and music went down wholesale, especially Colonel Lawley's song, "My sins are as high as a mountain," and the General's holy address to the soldiers of the Salvation Army. Some of the young boys thought it a strange thing, and wondered how we were able to place a man and a brass band into such a small box.

The unweaned men who met us at the station came to the quarters after the meeting to take our luggage to the boat, a distance of a mile and a-half. The kindness of all will not be forgotten by us, and we are confident it will be remembered by Him Whom we serve. The friends pressed us hard to come again, which was promised. The prospects for the future are good, as the adherents are of the right stamp and character to make Blood-and-Fire soldiers of.

Catalina was the next place of call. We landed in time for meeting, and had a very good crowd. Capt. Mulley and Lieut. Young are in charge. This is reckoned a hard corps, but with faith and hard work we believe a good work can be accomplished.

After meeting we drove over to Bonavista, the District Headquarters, for the week-end. Ensign Snow had the graphophone service announced for the Saturday night. A good crowd gathered and were delighted with it. Sunday meetings were well attended. In the afternoon and at night, a great crowd was forced to stand. Two souls came forward at night; everyone seemed to enjoy the meetings, and much enthusiasm was manifested, es-



## Bible Readings from Jamaica.

VL.—CAPTAIN MICAHIAH.

BY ADJUTANT PHILLIPS.

**P**R'APS you've never heard about him, but in Chronicles you'll read, In the 18th of the second—of him and his noble deed:

How he stood alone when tempted to throw in his lot with those Who would not rebuke rich sinners, for the sake of cash and clothes.

We are told he was a prophet, but he worked and walked alone; Other prophets had their churches; he'd a building of his own.

They, it seems, were either state-paid, or were looked upon as such, But poor Captain Micajah was not honored overmuch.

Now, Jehoshaphat had riches; so, we're told, had Ahab, too— (Kings of Israel and Judah) they made friends, as rich men do:

And, as rich men, would be richer; powerful, would more powerful be— Said the one unto the other: "Let us go to war," said he.

And the other was quite willing, so the two of them agreed,

That to Syrian Ramoth-gilead they would march with martial speed.

Then, like many modern Christians, after they'd made up their mind,

They would ask the Lord's direction, lest they should leave Him behind.

"Call the prophets! You, four hundred—tell us what the Lord will say:

Shall we go to Ramoth-gilead? Would God have us go to-day?"

"Yes, He would," they sweetly chanted, as they prophesied again;

They were all agreed together, so the answer seemed quite plain.

But the still small voice of conscience spoke aloud through Judah's king—

"Is there not some other prophet you might find somewhere to bring?"

"Yes," said Ahab, "but I hate him,—he will prophesy no good,—

Though I'll send and get him for you, since you seem to think I should."

So he sent for Micajah, and the bearer bade him speak,

Like the rest of God's anointed—loving, humble, smooth and meek.

"What the Lord saith I will speak it," said the prophet brave and bold—

For they could not buy his silence by their patronage or gold.

So they brought him, and he told them, what as vision he had seen:

Israel scattered in the mountains—they knew well what he must mean.

But they did not wish to hear it. Said the king, "Did I not tell

He'd not speak a word of comfort, since he does not wish us well;

And he speaks so disrespectful of those ministering to me—

Let us go up notwithstanding—why should we discourage be?"

Then the prophets had their innings: Micajah got it hot;

P'r'aps they called him a fanatic, hypocrite, dissenting sot!

Zeelekiah smote him roughly on the cheek, and said, said he,

"Which way went the 'lying spirit' out of me to speak through thee?"

And the King of Israel sent him to the prison right a way,

To be fed by bread and water of affliction day by day.

Then they left for Ramoth-gilead, with the prophets in the rear;

And King Ahab changed his clothing, doubtless to allay his fear.

And the Bible story tells us that a certain Syrian drew,

At a venture, bow and arrow, smiting Ahab's armor through,

Wounding him, as 'twas predicted (though they said the prophet lied);

In the last verse 'tis related, "as the sun went down he died."

Do you need an application, when you see on every hand

Worldliness mixed with religion, strutting proudly through the land?

When the incense burns in churches that have thrown off yoke of Rome,

And the gilded sins and pleasures charm the Christians from their home;

When the old-time shouting warriors are now told to "shut their noise,"

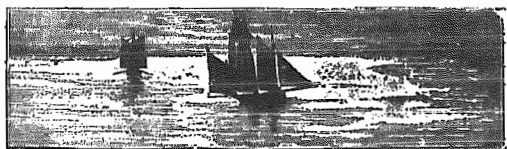
And the gospel is perverted by some smoking, giggling boys!

Oh, for more like Micajah! oh, for those with back-bone strong,

Who will mount the gospel chariot, and will drive it through the throng!

Let us pray that God will send them—baptized in the old-time way—

Let us work out our salvation, while we watch, believe and pray!



pecially in the prayer meetings. The barracks looks much improved by the coat of paint, and the graveyard is a large one and well fenced.

We left on Monday by the S. S. Dundee for the Greenspond District. The Dundee is a splendid boat, having all the latest improvements; she is well adapted for the bay work and must be a boon to the people. We are sorry that so many were away from the corps which were visited, but we met with splendid crowds and good results, spiritually and financially. Geo. Kenway.

## Musings of Many Minds.

He lives most who gives most.

The man who has anything in him creates opportunity for himself.

Make it your study and care to do all the good you can in the world.

Greed gathers itself poor, and generosity gives itself rich.—Spurgeon.

Good management contributes in no to our comfort than great possessions.

Proverbs are the wisdom of wise men, prepared in portable doses for the foolish.

God will make the fishes come into your net if you will get your eye upon Him, not upon the fishes.

We mortals see but in a glass; but when the mirror is darkened by the master-passion of hate, we see not at all.

When I dig a man out of trouble, the hole that he leaves behind him is the grave where I bury my own trouble.

The path to one's own place is paved with choices. If it is between him, and not around them, it leads to the Gate of God.

Much of the trouble in this world is caused by the man with the beam in his eye trying to point out the mote in his brother's eye.

Believer, desire to find thy will in the Divine will alone. Be silent when He strikes, contented when He delays, thankful when He gives, and resigned when He takes away.

Our Lord God is like a printer who seteth the letters backwards; we see and feel well His setting, but we shall read the print yonder in the life to come.—Martin Luther.

St. Paul says, "Every man shall rise in his own class." In the future, as in the past and the present, the law of association determines destiny. Each man goes to his own place.

The noblest tribute to the purity of Jesus Christ is the statement that, "being tempted, He suffered the agonies of death." He was so self-conscious of goodness that the insinuation of peccability tortured Him.

Courage, activity, and earnest perseverance are indeed the secret of all success. No good endeavor strenuously persisted in will fail; it must succeed at last. Powers of even the most mediocre kind, if energetically employed, will effect much.

Whatever notion Dives may have had this side of the grave as to the value of foreign missions, he awoke in eternity to plead that a missionary might be sent the long journey from heaven to earth, that his brethren might repent.—Woman's Work.

At a meeting in support of a movement in which Churchmen and Dissenters joined hands, a Nonconformist speaker thus expressed himself on the subject of the union: "And what I say, gentlemen, is this: if a man's 'art' is in the right place, it don't matter at all what sex he belongs to!"

(To our frontispiece.)

## JIM HANSON.

## HIS CONVERSION AND AWFUL CONFESSION AT SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

By ADJT. MCGILL.

## The Murder.

Yes, it was a dreadful murder. Let me briefly tell you the story. On the lonely shore of the Lynn Canal, on the west coast of Alaska, a young couple were camped. They were enjoying, perhaps, the first pleasure since their marriage, which had taken place only a few months before. They strolled on the beach, fished, picked berries, and enjoyed the bright warm days and cool nights, never dreaming of danger, while the tide, like a great pendulum, as it ebbed and flowed, counted off the brief moments of their lives. No human voice drew their own broke the stillness. The swish of the water as the waves broke upon the beach, the sighing of the wind among the trees that sheltered the little tent, were the only sounds heard. Ah! How rudely was that silence broken! One October day, as the young wife was preparing the fragrant meal, the sharp rattle of a rifle caused a rush to the door—perhaps wondering why her husband was shooting—when she sees—ah! perhaps she did not see, there was only a moment, a cruel hand winged its way to her, and she, too, fell. . . . They died together on that lonely shore.

## The Reason.

Away up the Chilcat River, at the Indian village of Kluckwan, a great native feast was in progress. The essential—that which added so much to the enjoyment of the occasion, was fast ebbing away, and as signs of its total disappearance were at hand, an Indian (one who, in company with others, was giving the feast), with his wife and a relative, came, starved out, in true Alaskan fashion, in a canoe to replenish the larder. Not coming back at the accustomed time, the natives, particularly his relatives, being anxious as day after day passed by, until fourteen had run their course, a number of the nearest relatives organized a search party, and started down the river, taking all necessary supplies for camping, etc. They halted at David's Glacier, on the Lynn Canal, and began their search. The first night proved unsuccessful—no trace of their friends, no word of their having been seen, and the heart-beated party retired for the night, hoping the morning's search would reveal something. After a night's rest and breakfast, they started again, going in different directions, for several hours went by, one after the other returned sadly to the camp—no trace still—and silently they prepared their meagre dinner, and waited for the coming of the last of the party, hoping some intelligence of the lost ones would be forthcoming on their arrival. And so it proved. Exactly one of the two arrived—he had a clue. A white man and a woman, he had seen and talked with, and they had some knowledge of the missing couple—had seen them pass by, had seen a new canoe with a black sail, carrying a man and a woman—whose description agreed exactly with the canoe belonging to the lost brother.

Information, too, of a more startling character was communicated by an excited Indian to his brotherless listeners—that the white man's manner conveyed the impression that he knew more than he told. At that instant a rifle shot startled the agitated group, the signal of a clue to the missing ones. In a few minutes the last of the party arrived, bringing with him part of a canoe found in front of the white man's tent, which was recognized as belonging to the missing man. Then all the hot blood of centuries surged in their veins, and the Indian custom of the nearest relative acting as avenger of blood spurred them into action. Dinner was forgotten—everything was hurried into the canoe and they set sail for the white man's tent. That precursor of death, the war song, was chanted, as tears told how much they lamented their lost friends.

They soon landed, and eight of the party—four having rifles—went immediately in search of the white man.

He was soon seen at short distance from his tent, and one of the Indians, Jim Hanson, quickly raised his deadly weapon, taking sure aim. Poor Horton fell. Another Indian, Kitchton, immediately fired at Mrs. Horton, who then appeared at the tent door, wounding her fatally, and to make sure work, a third Indian, Jim Williams, with his knife, completed the awful crime. The bodies were wrapped in blankets, and laid in a rude grave by the sea, covered with sea-weed and moss. All evidence of the terrible deed being destroyed, the Indians entered their canoes and started for home with the terrible secret in their hearts, never to be revealed.

## The Confession.

Early in November, '90, the natives became quite interested in our meetings, and the first one to come to the penitent form was Jim Hanson. He



ADJT. MCGILL,  
Who opened our work at Skagway, Alaska.

trembled with emotion, and tears fell fast as he prayed. I could not understand his language, but God did, and forgave him. As he rose from his knees, his face betokened inward peace. Slowly the light of God's truth broke over his soul. He saw what he must do, he thought of the consequences. For three months he carefully weighed the matter. At last, in spite of the warnings and entreaties of his friends, he decided to tell all and leave the consequences with God. Accordingly, he came to me and disclosed the dreadful secret, which had become an intolerable burden. He asked me what he should do. I explained that if he would continue in the favor of God he must give himself up to the authorities, and confess all. He trembled. He understood, and like a hero he followed what he believed to be God's will.

## The Trial.

The arrest of the others implicated

was soon made, corroborative and confirmative evidence was soon gathered, and after three months' weary waiting in a crowded jail, our brother was brought before the court. The jury brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree. The prosecution used him as a witness at the trial of the others. Every effort was made to break up his confession, but he always told the same story and stood the test of severe cross-examination as only a man telling the truth can do. When asked by a lawyer in the presence of a crowded court-room, "Do you understand that no one but the President of the United States can save you now?" he answered, pointing upwards, "God will save my spirit." "Yes, I know, but what about your body?" said the lawyer, to which he replied, with arms extended, "I don't care what you do with my body. God will save my spirit. Every possible effort was made to put the entire guilt upon Jim Hanson, but without success. On the day of sentencing the prisoners, five others were sentenced to prison terms and Jim Hanson was sentenced to die.

When asked by the Judge if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he said, "God told me not to keep anything in silence. I gave all my sins up and told all. Now, brother, work as God directs you." Then the Judge said, "The court has great sympathy for you. It is through you that this crime has been exposed, and others brought to justice and punishment. You have been truthful, you have admitted your own fault and wrong, you have not tried to screen yourself for your wrong in the slightest degree. Your conduct, in this behalf entitles you to the highest consideration. I trust that, while this court is compelled to pass upon you the sentence of death,



ADJT. JORDAN,  
Vancouver Rescue Home.

which the law imposes, that the Great Father at Washington (as you call the President) may yet exercise clemency towards you, and save you from the consequence of your fearful crime. Your conduct since the crime, though that was very cruel, has commended you to the court and all right-minded people. It may be that the Great Father of the white people at Washington will not do anything for you. God alone can tell what the future unfolds for you. It is the judgment of this court. . . . The awful sentence was then pronounced, and with broken, faltering voice, the Judge

said, "May the God that you worship be with you in your hour of peril and have mercy on your soul." The court room was as still as death as the Judge finished in the halcyon and buried his face in his hands.

As the bailiffs led the condemned man back to prison, the Army badge on his coat seemed to say, "This man is your friend on earth and in heaven."

## OUR HISTORY CLASS

## II—THE ROMANS.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE GRACCHI.

When Gracchus, the humane conqueror of many Spanish cities, died, he left behind him his wife, and three children—two boys, Tiberius and Caius, and Cornelia, a girl. Cornelia refused to marry again, and wore no jewels after her husband's death. When once asked, "Where are your jewels?" she replied, pointing to her three children, "These are my jewels."

The eldest boy, Tiberius, was sent, in 137 B. C., to join the Roman army in Spain. Passing through Etruria he was painfully impressed with the desolation of this once so fertile and thickly populated country. Only flocks of sheep and goats were feeding, where farms and vineyards used to exist. The Romans bought their corn from Sicily and Africa.

The poor Romans had no land to till and no trade to support themselves with, since the rich kept slaves to do all the required work in their houses. So the old law, which permitted a Roman only a certain amount of land, had fallen into disuse, and out of four hundred thousand citizens, only two thousand possessed property.

While in Spain, Tiberius turned things over in his mind. On his return he stood up for the office of tribune, and was elected. He at once proposed to revive the Lician laws, which allowed not more than five hundred acres to anybody. He proposed to redistribute the land, and give the surplus to those who had none now.

His proposal, of course, caused "great uproar." The poor clamored for their rights, and the rich objected to the change. They tried to bribe the other tribune, but in the ensuing fight Tiberius prevailed, and he, with his brother Caius, and his father-in-law Appius Claudius, were appointed tribunes to carry out the law.

The rich men tried their old trick of spreading a report that Tiberius wanted to make himself king. A riot was started and Tiberius was killed in it.

The law, however, was made, and the people insisted on its enforcement. Amidst the chaos, Scipio Aemilianus, who had married the sister of Tiberius, was recalled from Spain and chosen dictator to settle the whole dispute. He, apparently, was more upright than the division of property, but was found dead in his chamber on the morning he was to make his first speech.

Caius, the brother of Tiberius, nine years the younger, was filled with still greater schemes than his brother. He had the law re-affirmed, but could not act on it. But he began a regular custom of having corn served out to the poor, and found work for them upon the roads and bridges. He made the State clothe the soldiers, and proposed to make the Italians outside Rome into citizens, with votes like the Romans. This latter measure was vigorously opposed by the Patricians. He founded a colony of Plebeians on the ruins of Carthage, and after his tribuneship expired, he visited the colony.

On his return a scheme to kill him was perpetrated. Although the poor sided with Caius, yet the Patricians were the stronger, and Caius, at his desire, was killed by his slave.

Cornelia, a broken-hearted mother, retired to a country home. The feeling afterwards turned, and statues to the memory of Caius, Tiberius, and Cornelia were erected.

At Rome, the state of things got worse, and the contrast between the rich and poor increased daily.



MAP OF THE PRESENT CHINESE BATTLE-GROUND.

## AN EXCELLENT NEW BARRACKS OPENED AT LETHBRIDGE.

Coltary Brass Band Came Over to Help—  
Glorious Meetings People Helped Splendidly with Their Money—One of the  
Masons who Worked on the  
Building is the First Convert—  
Soul for Salvation and Holiness.

For the past few weeks bills announcing the above event brought large and influential crowds to the three days' special services, July 28th, 29th, and 30th, and never in the history of the Army was so much enthusiasm shown, or financial appeals so heartily acceded to, as has been the case of late.

The three days were truly red-letter days. The commanding officer (Capt. Mitchell, assisted by her Lieutenant, has worked admirably for months past, and to-day a fine hall stands erected as a monument in honor and reward for the faithful services rendered by them.

From the first strains of the Calgary brass band, on its arrival on Saturday, to the closing scenes of the special event in the small hours of Tuesday morning, the Army was alive to everybody and everything. The marches and open-air were of special attraction, the appeals readily responded to, and the meetings inside proved a real blessing to many.

Monday, 5 p.m., was set apart for the hoisting of the colors, and the opening ceremony, and as the march was proceeding down the street, in front of the hall was to be seen our old and much-loved friend, Rev. Mr. McKillop, whose privilege it was to perform the ceremony.



Capt. Mitchell, Lethbridge, N.W.T.

A rousing rally was fired from the platform and audience, whereupon the Rev. Mr. Chegwinn spoke for a short time, of the pleasure it gave him to be honored so much as to occupy an Army platform. "You know," said the Rev. gentleman,

"I Was Almost a Salvationist,

but although not one, I bless and praise God, I am a Christian, a lover of the Lord, and glad to see how much good has been done for us in this town through the instrumentality of the Army."

His remarks brought forth loud cheers at times on points touching the Army's work here.

He was followed by Rev. Mr. McKillop (the father of them all), as he was introduced. On rising, everybody gave him a cordial welcome, and he based his remarks on the Army's work in Lethbridge, and he hoped the day would not be far distant when he would see an Army barracks to each hotel in his town. (Cheers.) "Before proceeding any further, I must say how much you people should be thankful for the way in which Capt. Mitchell has worked, assisted by her Lieutenant."

Capt. Mitchell, on rising to say a few words, with heart full of joy and a deep love for all who so nobly assisted her in this great undertaking, first of all thanked the citizens in a few words for the exceedingly kind way they responded to her numerous calls, and she only hoped that the hall would be a birth-place to many precious souls, for, after all, it would be useless to erect such a building, if no real progress were made. She also thanked personally the Secretary, Treasurer, Sergt.-Major, and the rest of the comrades for the work done on the building at nights. In this direction much work was accomplished, hence the opening dates were thus far carried out, although the finishing touches will occupy about another three weeks.

Other Locals testified, including the Secretary, who deserves special mention in superintending the construction, and the giving of his time for two months free, for the Kingdom of God, in return for what the Lord has done for him. God bless the Secretary!

### Secretary Holmes

Lethbridge Corps. This comrade has been cheerfully 2 months of steady work free to help in the erection of the new barracks, and was working till midnight.



The Lieutenant, who has stood side by side with the Captain, also has won a name for herself.

Adjutant Cass, in a few remarks, prior to closing the first part of the meeting for a half-night of prayer, called for those who asked the prayers of the comrades, whereupon several held up their hands. Of these seven, one, a brother, came out to have the past forgiven, and he was no other than

One of the Masons who had Worked on the Building

from the commencement. What a glorious thought! Building a heaven on earth, and when death comes he may rejoice with the angels in being the first convert in the new Army Hall, in a little corner of God's vine-

yard in Lethbridge. Praise God! Now, readers, say with me, Hallelujah!

Never was the Spirit of God so much felt since the first visiting officer arrived here till the one large link of God's love was made by the comrades, officers, and friends who remained behind, when the chorals, "Take my poor heart," echoed forth in joyous sounds, to the very gate of heaven.

During the three days' campaign two came out for salvation and three backsliders returned to the fold. Four precious comrades came forward for holiness on Sunday morning, and eighteen at the half-night of prayer, for a complete re-consecration and for a deeper love for souls.

May God bless all who came from afar and to the opening ceremonies of the Lethbridge barracks.—Win. Farrow, R. C.

## HALLELUJAH WEDDING AT OWEN SOUND.

Captain Annie Barker to Secretary Travis.

All eyes were directed to the large hall-board Capt. Clink had erected on one of the prominent street corners of Owen Sound, announcing a great Hallelujah Wedding.

"Who is it going to be?" says our colored George, "Let us go and see."

A great deal of interest is manifested on the part of the people as to who the contracting parties will be. Major Turner, however, will soon divulge to us the secret and the meaning of it.

Capt. Poole sings a solo.

"You will have to overlook this young man's bashfulness," states the Major.

A whisper goes round the ring, "That is the party," and at once all eyes were centred on Capt. Poole, thinking the right man had been discovered.

We return to the hall, where a large number is waiting. Capt. Poole gives out the opening song, and while the congregation heartily sing, "Hallelujah," the bridegroom, ready for the midnight cry, the bride party, led by Major Turner, enters the barracks.

Prayers are now offered, that God might make this coming wedding of much blessing.

After a solo by Capt. Poole, and the dedication of Sergt.-Major McMillan's and Rev. Bro. Turner's little children unto the Lord, Lieut. Bond is called upon to make the announcements.

Before stepping off the platform she is informed by the Major that the commissaire is promoting her to the rank of Captain. This news was hailed with delight by the crowd present, judging by the hearty response and clapping of hands.

Before proceeding with the marriage ceremony, Capt. Poole sang another song which he had composed for the occasion, taking for the topic, the 24th of Genesis. The song was a distinct hit, and caught on, to the tune of "Ring those wedding bells."

The marriage service is read and the contracting parties stand forward, and now is the time "for better or for worse."

The groom is assisted by his brother, and the bride by Capt. Darrach. The final word is spoken and the lot is cast. "Now tell us," said the Major, "how you enjoy married life." The groom conceals his thoughts, but the bride responds by saying, "Married life is all right."

Capt. Darrach speaks with no uncertain sound of Capt. Barker's devotion to the cause in the past, and he believes for the future that she will continue faithful to God.

A few words of good advice are given by the Major bearing on a God-made match.

The meeting concludes by song and prayer, after which the good wishes are bestowed upon Bro. and Sister Travis.

The friends and soldiers were then invited to partake of the good things provided in the shape of a wedding treat, after which we returned to our homes, feeling that God's blessing had been upon the proceedings of the evening. Capt. Poole.

He who loves fully may well listen to flattery.



Rev. Chagwin,

Methodist Minister,  
Lethbridge, a  
warm friend of the  
Army.



## TO CHEER THE PRISONERS.

Special Service at the Central Prison.

Staff-Capt. Archibald conducted a special meeting at the Central Prison, Toronto, on the morning of Toronto's Civic Holiday. The service commenced at 9:30. When the time arrived we went into the large and spacious chapel, to find between three and four hundred men, adherents of all Communion, seated there.

The meeting was opened with that old and well-known hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," the "boys" joining in and singing very heartily. After prayer by Adj. McIlarg, we were favored with selections from the united bands formed of bandsmen from the Temple, Lippincott and Lisgar Streets, by solos, duets, testimonies, and a recitation from one of the prisoners. The recitation was evidently enjoyed, because the boys clapped for more.

Bro. Hart, from Lisgar St., favored us with a solo with guitar accompaniment. Maude Bigwood and Bro. Patterson, from Lippincott, and Bro. Daniels' little girl also sang solos, and Capt. Kivell, of Lippincott, and Sister Gorton, of the Temple, sang a duet. Bro. Daniels also spoke to the boys.

Staff-Capt. Archibald then talked for a few minutes, and, in closing, asked those who wished to be prayed for to hold up their hands; a large number did so.

We all came away feeling that it had been good for us to be there.

Before we left the chapel one of the prisoners rose and proposed a vote of thanks "for our kindness in coming to see them," and another young man got up and seconded it.

The Staff-Captain, we believe, is doing a great amount of good at the Central Prison.—W. Pearce.

Prayer meeting plety needs office practice.

The fables of fashion are the fool's opinions.

## T. F. S. Appointments.

### ENSIGN STAIGER.

Great Falls, Wed., Thurs., and Fri., Aug. 29, 30, 31.  
Kilgus, Sun., Mon., Tues., Sept. 2, 3, 4.

### ENSIGN HODDINOTT.

Berlin, Thursday, Aug. 30.  
Capt. Fri., Sat., and Sun., Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2.  
Trespass, Mon. and Tues., Sept. 3, 4.  
Ayr, Wednesday, Sept. 5.

### ENSIGN BURROWS.

Toronto, from Aug. 31, to Sept. 7.

### ENSIGN PARKER.

Newport, Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 30, 31.  
St. Johnsbury, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 1, 2, 3.  
Barre, Tues., Wed., and Thurs., Sept. 4, 5, 6.

### ENSIGN ANDREWS.

Annapolis, Thursday, Aug. 30.  
Middleton, Friday, Aug. 31.  
Bridgetown, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 1, 2.  
Lambertburg, Monday, Sept. 3.  
Shelbourne, Tues. and Wed., Sept. 4, 5.

### ENSIGN PERRY.

Fort Arthur, Fri., Sat., and Sun., Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2.  
Fort William, Monday, Sept. 3.  
Fort Portage, Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 5, 6.



Rev. McKillop,

Presbyterian Minister,  
Lethbridge,  
who was present at  
the opening of our  
new barracks.



The Rev. gentleman spoke at some length on the Army's teachings, upholding them in every respect, also of the grand hall he was here, in the name of the Saviour, to declare open to the service. After a few words from the visiting officers, and suitable selections from the band, he at once opened the door, and

### An Immense Volley Went Up

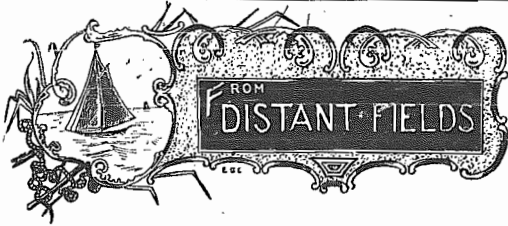
as a signal of another stronghold erected in the warfare which we are engaged in.

An adjournment was then made to the old hall, when upwards of 275 persons partook of the earthly blessings of God to satisfy the inner man.

A grand march, headed by the band, Adj. Cass and McKillop, Capt. Wick, Bransford, Charlton, Field and Local Officers and soldiers, and visiting soldiers from the Calgary corps, completed the grandest demonstration of what the Lord has done for Lethbridge, Calgary, and Medicine Hat. God bless the band, and the visiting officers and soldiers from Edmonton, Calgary, and Medicine Hat.

At 8:15 p.m., sharp, the meeting opened with an "old-timer," "We'll fight, we'll fight," also with the other opening features of the meeting. The Adjutant proceeded to strike the iron while it was hot, in asking for a collection. To a question to the Captain how much she would require, she did not respond, having appeared so much on behalf of the Building Fund, however, \$50 was the amount asked for, and in quick response a check for \$25 was passed over to the Adjutant from Mr. Harry Mullins, of Mullins & Wilson, Toronto, who has been a true friend to the Army, and always looks upon it as a pleasure to donate in this way. A couple of fives passed up, and then the one's came up thick and fast, and at the close of a general round-up of the fragments, \$63.80 was the amount raised, being \$13.85 over and above the amount asked for.





The Memorial Sunday of Commissioner Dowdle, conducted by the General, at Clifton, was remarkable in power and result. 197 men and women sought pardon and cleansing.

The dates of the Harvest Festival throughout Great Britain are from September 15th to October 1st, inclusive.

The Chief of Staff proposes to hold a Local Officers' camp at Hadingh, to meet on Saturday evening and continue over Sunday, 26th August.

Commissioner Howard conducted the Memorial Service of Commissioner Dowdle in the Plymouth Congress Hall on a recent Sunday.

Brigadier Rolfe, late commander of the Army's operations in the West Indies, has arrived in London. We regret to learn that Mrs. Rolfe is in a very delicate state of health.



A most interesting review of the Salvation Army Social operations in

will arrive in Australia, and the Commandant is arranging for them to tour through Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland, in the interests of the Indian Famine Fund. They will be in charge of Adj. Daya Katna.

The organization of a company of officers and Cadets, to be known as "The Federal Choralists," has just taken place. They will tour through the various colonies in the interests of the new Australasian Training Homes.

The Commandant has decided to at once form a novel and entrancing musical combination, suitable for indoor services, in the shape of a Seraphim (concertina) Band.

Suitable premises have been leased in Bendigo for a Maternity Home which will shortly be opened. Under the able direction of Mrs. Commandant Booth, the Women's Social Work of Australasia has made some remarkable advances.

A new Home for ex-Prisoners is in course of construction at Abbotsford (Vic.). The building will accommodate fifty men, besides the officers.

According to the latest War Cry, the Commandant has had an interview with Sir William Lync, the Premier of New South Wales, on two very important questions.

There is a great need for Dutch-speaking officers in Java. The Commandant has issued a special appeal to them. There is a tremendous field of labor amongst the twenty-eight millions of people in Java.

The Annual Social gatherings have been attended with great success, and have been occasions for expressions of warm sympathy from the leading men of the colony.

Colonel and Mrs. Estill recently conducted a few days' siege in the city of Wellington N. Z. attended with splendid results.



A Missionary writes: "Cholera is doing its deadly work. In the city of Jeypore 300 died daily, for several days in succession. Thousands of the poor, weak, famine-stricken ones have been carried off in this way. A friend of ours was superintendent of a famine-relief camp, where 1,000 died. He was in the saddle from 5 a.m. till 2 o'clock the next morning, distributing medicine. Not enough were strong and well enough to bury the dead, and he would have to go and drive the crews and vultures off bodies at his tent-door. When he went in to lie down for rest, the awful sights had so worked upon him that he would find his pillow wet from having wept in his sleep, and the servants would wonder what made the pillow so wet. This is not a rare instance of such suffering, but out of dozens through the famine area. This gentleman was not a missionary, but a Government servant. Strong men on the works would be taken with an awful and sudden pain, drop their tools and fall dead. Cholera is still in Ajmer. We praise God that we have not had another visitation from this awful pestilence. Our hands and hearts are full. Oh, for more laborers!"

Heaven is not in streets of gold, but in hearts of peace and love.

The world always looks upside down to the man who is upside down himself.

## MAJOR and Mrs. HARGRAVE will visit

Butte, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Aug. 25, 26, 27.  
Tielona, Tues. and Wed., Aug. 28, 29.  
Great Falls, Thursday, Aug. 30.  
Kalispehl, Saturday, Sept. 1.  
Roosland, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 8, 9.  
Revelstoke, Tues. and Wed., Sept. 11, 12.  
Kamloops, Thursday, Sept. 13.  
Vancouver, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 15, 16, 17.  
Victoria, Tues. and Wed., Sept. 18, 19.  
Nanaimo, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 20, 21.  
New Westminster, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 22, 23, 24.  
New Whetson, Tuesday, Sept. 25.  
Mount Vernon, Wednesday, Sept. 26.  
Spokane, Sunday Sept. 30.



South Africa has just been published by Commissioner Kilbey.

Commissioner and Mrs. Kilbey have lately visited Kimberley and Mafeking for the purpose of conducting special meetings.

A new Song Book is shortly to be published for the South African Territory.



The marriage of Major Vince and Staff-Capt. Goodall has recently taken place at Brisbane (Qld.). The Centennial Hall, in which the ceremony took place, was the scene of a great demonstration.

In a few weeks eight or ten children, representing tens of thousands of starving and dying children of India,



VIEWS OF DUFFERIN GROVE CAMP MEETINGS, RECENTLY CONDUCTED BY COL. JACOBS.

## Editorial Notes.

For some time we have had the greatest difficulty to secure a satisfactory supply of printing paper on account of several paper mills having been destroyed by fire, and the war causing a greater demand for newspapers. The price of paper has been greatly increased, while we have been unable to obtain a quality which would show our illustrations to proper advantage. We regret that many excellent pictures have been entirely spoiled through the poor quality of the paper. However, circumstances made it impossible to avoid it. Major Horn has now placed an order, for delivery at some future date, with a firm which we believe will furnish us a satisfactory quality.

Colonel Jacobs, Lieut.-Colonel Marretts, and Brigadier Gaskin are enjoying a few days' rest.

Mrs. Major Horn, we are pleased to report, is recovering from illness, and the doctor considers her progress very satisfactory.

Adj. Frank Morris has been appointed to the T. H. Q. Staff, as Cashier, and has taken his seat at the receipt of customs. We are glad to welcome him back to T. H. Q.

Adj. Turpin, who for three years has held the office of Cashier, and discharged it with precision and faithfulness, is going to Newfoundland to assist Brigadier Sharp at the Provincial Office. We feel assured that he will prove a valuable help to the Brigadier.

While A. L. P. finds it incompatible with her position to continue the editing of the Soldiers' Bureau, we are pleased to have a promise of a frequent column "From the Commissioner's Desk," which we have no doubt will prove of special interest to many of our readers.



## The Challenge of Adj. Frazer.

Adj. Frazer challenges any officer in his Province to collect more money in the G. B. M. Box at the officers' quarters than he himself will collect in his box during the next quarter. Now, who will take up the gauntlet?

## How to Keep Cool.

During the recent hot spell many asked: "How can I keep cool?" (1) Don't get excited, but work steadily at what you have to do. (2) Don't drink too much during the day. (3) Eat no meat, especially fat meat. (4) Eat as light a meal as possible in the middle of the day. (5) Drink no hot tea or coffee, but pure, cold water or lemonade. (6) Keep on the shady side of the street.

## Wanted—More Contributors.

We are asking every friend, convert, soldier, and officer to take an active part in the War Cry, by some kind of literary contribution once in a while. The corps reports are coming in nicely, but we want also stories and stories, like sketches, photos, and views, corps histories, descriptions of towns where we operate, incidents, anecdotes, happenings, testimonies—in short, anything that can be of interest to our readers, long or short. There is nothing so short that we cannot use, if only written with some care. Now, VOY try, will you?

## Officers and Soldiers, Note!

Wanted!—Photos of soldiers who collected successfully during last Harvest Festival. Send the photo quickly, and state on back full name, address, and amount collected.



## OUR SOLDIERS' PAGE.

### Jerse Topics.

#### PATIENCE.

We often hear the adage, "Patience is a virtue," etc., but we seldom stop to examine our stock of patience, much less take the trouble to exercise it. And yet, patience is strength. Patience gains more than hurry and flurry. Patience is absolutely necessary to accomplish something really great and noble. Patience teaches the soul that after all its work and worry nothing can be a final success without waiting for the blessing of God upon it. Paul plants, Apollos waters, but God only can give the increase. God gives us the harvest at His time, and having performed our work He demands but patience to see His glory unfolding itself. Let us be patient in our toil, patient in our faith, patient in our dealings with sinners and backsliders, and patient with God. The soldier's spirit is like the still water which so clearly reflects the sky and the foliage on its banks, while the impatient spirit is like a troubled lake, distorting every reflection and stirring up mud and sand.

### The Week's

#### Ammunition.

The daily readings should be read early in the morning, slowly and repeatedly. The text will fasten itself in the memory and furnish an excellent source for meditation when the mind is not occupied, while otherwise would wander aimlessly, or drift into unprofitable thoughts.

#### MONDAY.—GOD, THE UNCHANGEABLE.

I am the Lord, I change not; therefore, ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.—Mal. iii. 6.

Oh, let me then at length be taught, What I am still so slow to learn. That God is love, and changes not. Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.—James i. 17.

#### TUESDAY.—GOD, THE MERCIFUL.

He retaineth not His anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy.—Mic. vi. 18.

Best is the man to whom the Lord Imputes not his iniquities; He pleads no merit of reward, And not on works but grace relies.

For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.—II. Cor. v. 21.

#### WEDNESDAY.—GOD, THE SAVIOUR.

He will subdue our iniquities; and Thou shalt cast all their sins into the depth of the sea.—Mic. vi. 19.

Our very frame is mixed with sin, His Spirit makes our nature clean; Such virtues from His sufferings flow, At once to cleanse and pardon too.

Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins.—Matt. i. 21.

#### THURSDAY.—GOD, THE JUST.

The Lord is slow to anger, and great in power, and will not at all acquit the wicked; the Lord hath

His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet.—Nah. i. 3.

It is the Lord! shall I resist Or contradict His will? Who cannot do but what is just, And must be righteous still.

Be ye reconciled to God.—II. Cor. v. 20.

#### FRIDAY.—GOD, THE SUPPORTER.

The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him.—Nah. i. 7.

My Shepherd will supply my need, Jehovah is His name; In pastures fresh He makes me feed, Beside the living stream.

I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep.—John x. 14.

#### SATURDAY.—GOD, THE RULER.

The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.—Hab. ii. 14.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his successive journeys run: His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years.—Hab. ii. 2.

#### SUNDAY.—GOD, THE PRESERVER.

The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love. He will joy over thee with singing.—Zeph. iii. 17.

How can I sink with such a prop As my eternal God, Who bears the earth's huge pillars up, And spreads the heavens abroad?

In that day it shall be said to Jerusalem, Fear thou not; and to Zion, Let not thine hands be slack.—Zeph. iii. 16.

### LIFE SKETCH OF

### Brother Elias Palmer,

#### of Edmonton Corps.

Some may think that the Army is made up of heedless youths, yet we have in our ranks some dear old warriors, who have stood the strain of the battle for many years. One such is Father Elias Palmer, of Edmonton corps. He was born in Bradworthy, Devonshire, England, in 1811, and soon will be 60 years of age. Notwithstanding this, he was called to meet me in a friendly way. He is delighted to give his testimony, and join in the worship of God, always going on the march and helping in the open-air. Perhaps a few things about his life may be of interest to my readers. He only attended school about four months throughout his whole life. When the school-mistress would go to sleep at the head of the table, about, as he says, "three parts of the time," the whole school would sometimes run off while she was sleeping, and then come back again.

It was not to be wondered at that he did not learn much. He was a little over eleven when he was apprenticed to a farmy working for some times run off while she was sleeping, and then come back again. It was not to be wondered at that he did not learn much. He was a little over eleven when he was apprenticed to a farmy working for some times run off while she was sleeping, and then come back again. It was not to be wondered at that he did not learn much. He was a little over eleven when he was apprenticed to a farmy working for some times run off while she was sleeping, and then come back again.

they all did, some saying also the Apostles' Creed. Evening prayer ran like this:

"Four corners to my bed,  
Four angels there are spread,  
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,  
Bless the bed that I lie on."

Father got drunk for the first time at 14 years of age. It was in the harvest time. His master had sent him away to do some work, and as it was hard he ordered his daughter to put up a keg of beer. Some was drunk during the day, and the rest left for the homeward journey. When he finished it he was tipsy and aroused the household by his antics. Liquor never, in fact, made him dull, but rather the opposite.

#### Nearly Lost His Life.

After he left that place he lived with a farmer, but he lost it. It was here that he nearly lost his life. He being gone for a load of sand, and being drunk, while attempting to jump off the load, he fell, and the whole thing passed over his arm and shoulder. He was also, containing about a ton of sand. On another occasion while on the sea shore with his team, he left them on the sand to hunt some bars of copper and iron on the beach. He hummed around a few, when, all of a sudden, he saw the tide had come in and cut off his escape. His only hope was to climb a cliff almost perpendicular. He got about half way up when his strength failed. Then he turned to go down, but he couldn't. He had to try and get up, which he did with great desperation. When he got within fourteen feet of the top he found that the cliff projected and he could not master the situation. After resting a bit, he turned to the right to try and find an open place to get up. He came in this direction to a barrier he could not get over. As he turned back his feet slipped, and, as he himself puts it, "an awful power took hold of him and shoved him into just the place he was to go." He was then able to climb the rest of the cliff in safety. This was indeed a marvelous escape, and when he reached the top he promised, if he could, to go down, but soon forgot it. On one occasion he was so drunk that he apparently died, and had not some friends roused him up briskly in getting him to bed, he fears he would never have known the realities of life and death. He was totally blind for about half-an-hour.

#### Seven Years a Blacksmith.

After a lot of roaming in the Old Land, he came to Canada about '40 or '41, and went on a farm with an uncle. Then followed seven years of blacksmithing with a man by the name of William Parsons, at Port Hope. He was a good man and set him a grand example. Then eight years were spent working for himself at Elizabethfield, followed by thirteen years with Smith & Co., at Penelon Falls, where he earned in those thirteen years an average of three dollars per day spending it about all in drink and sin; in fact, when he left he had not a dollar to call his own.

Next he went to Kilmount and took up a Government claim. In this place, in the old Orange Hall, he knelt at the feet of an old man, at an Army meeting. Sins of years were all blotted out, and he started a new leaf in life's book. Drink had been given up before he got saved for the simple reason that he could not get the money to buy drink, and people would not trust him. When he got converted the desire for drink was for ever taken from him, which desire had had possession of his heart for years.

One bright spot in his Salvation Army career was a year spent in Lindsay, where he went to meeting nearly every night. Well does he remember dear old Father Goodenough, who lately passed to his reward. He met him at some time at West with his son, setting four miles from Strathcona, and from whence he comes to meeting, when he is aided at Edmonton. Yea, the writer has been pleased to see him and hear his testimony in a friendly way. His feelings, and his words always are weighty and a blessing.

In early life he had been saved about one year, but had backslidden. However, since he accepted the Lord at the Army meeting, he has never known anything but a Saviour's pardoning love. His pilgrimage cannot be much longer, and fervently

prays the writer that his death will be a glorious triumph in Jesus. He desires that this little sketch of his life may be a warning to the young to flee from sin, and not have to endure its thralldom as long as he did before repenting. Sinner, accept Christ before the evil days come, when you shall say, "I have no pleasure in them." Take warning from Father Palmer's life—one so near the river—and shun all appearance of evil.

## What a Soldier

### x Should Know.

#### What is a Corps?

A corps consists of the soldiers who have signed Articles of War, and whose names are on the Soldiers' Roll, and who meet together in our particular building.

Each corps is under the command of a Captain, who has generally one Lieutenant, sometimes more.

Each corps has also, when fully constituted, the following Local Officers: Treasurer, Secretary, Sergeant-Major of the Corps, Convert's Sergeant-Major, Bandmaster, Band Sergeant, Sergeants of Wards or Brigades, Corporals, Color-Sergeant, Bandmen, together with Junior Soldiers' Sergeant-Major, Corporals, and other similar officers.

#### The Duties of a Local Officer.

The duties of each Local Officer are explained in the order-books specially prepared for them, and each one, before appointment, signs a bond in which he engages to be a soldier of good conduct, uniform wearing, and devotion to the war. None of these are at liberty to use tobacco, or to attend services not connected with their own corps without the permission of their Captain. They are appointed for twelve months.

Local Officers are to carry out the duties of their position according to the directions of the commanding officers, who have no power to remove them from office, and against whose management they can appeal. If they think proper to the District or Provincial Officers.

#### Who Keeps the Books?

The account-books of the corps are kept by the Treasurer and Secretary. The Roll-Book, in which the names of soldiers are entered, and the Cartridge-Book, in which the names of soldiers and recruits are entered, are kept by the Secretary.

Weekly returns stating all particulars of recruits, of the converts gathered, and the money received and spent by each corps, are made by the Captain and countersigned by the Treasurer and Secretary. A weekly return has also to be made by the Treasurer and Sergt-Major, and a monthly return by the Secretary.

#### Duties Regarding Penitents.

When a penitent professes to have found peace, it is the duty of those who are speaking to him to ask whether he intends to be a soldier; in any case his name and address are to be given to the Sergeant within whose ward he lives, who should visit him and report within a week whether he means to be a soldier.

When he says "Yes," his intention, his name is immediately to be entered on the Cartridge-Book. If, after being on that book for a month, he has signed Articles and shown himself likely to walk worthy of them, he is also entered in the Soldiers' Roll, and is at once solemnly sworn in as a soldier of the corps.

#### The Soldiers' Roll.

No name, once entered on the Roll, either of recruits or soldiers, can be taken off without the consent of the District or Provincial Officer, whose consent is to be obtained on a form signed by the Captain and Local Officers mentioned above.

Nevertheless, in case of gross misconduct, or after a day's delay might do harm, the Captain has power to suspend a soldier, but such action must be at once reported to the D. O.

No one whose name has been crossed off the roll can be put on again without the consent of the Captain and Local Officers previously mentioned, and if the person has been blacked by the Divisional Officer, his consent must also be obtained.

# EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

(SECOND SERIES.)

BY THE GENERAL.

## About Husbands: Their Privileges and Duties.

7. THE HUSBAND FINDS IN A GOOD WIFE THE COMPLETION OF HIS OWN CHARACTER. Humanly speaking, he is an unfinished, imperfect creature until he finds a wife and educates his heart. She is the second and brighter side of him; she completes his natural education of heart, making a more manly man of him.

In saying this, and much that has gone before, and also much that will follow after, I am in danger of being a little misunderstood, but you must remember that I do not write for those who are perfect, and that I am not attempting to describe the exceptions in life. I have no doubt about Paul's doctrines, and endorse with all my heart his declaration that in certain states a single life, when it can be accepted by man, offers more facilities for the service of God, and that a man unencumbered with wife and family will be at an advantage in the Salvation War over one with them.

I was reading a little time back how that in the French and German War, when the Landwehr—that is, the soldiers who had been called up from their homes to fight—were ordered forward to meet the enemy, it was a common thing to see them, strong and brave as they were, burst into tears and face the storm of shot and shell sobbing with emotion. The youngest recruits of yesterday plunged into the fight with shouts and songs, apparently without a thought of what might befall them. How was this? The explanation is easily found. The older men were husbands and fathers, and, knowing that some of them had to fall, they wept in anticipation over the desolation which they knew their death or wounds would bring to those who were dependent upon them for food, and raiment, and all the natural joys of life. With the younger men there was no such call made upon sympathies, and, with free and unburdened hearts, careless about themselves, they fought their fight.

Even so with the Soldier of Jesus Christ. The man (or the woman) who is unmarried is free to go to war or stay. His absence means no one's hurt; his death leaves none homeless and desolate, and there is no question but that if he can so unguage his heart and body as to be free in spirit for this whole-soul service of his Lord, it is best for the Kingdom of Heaven, and not gay worse for him.

8. A WIFE BRINGS TO HER HUSBAND THOSE INNOCENT PLEASURES AND RECREATIONS THAT COME FROM THE POSSESSION OF A FAMILY. The desire in men for children, while not so absorbing as in women, exists. No sooner is

marriage decided upon than the yearning for children springs up, and the husband's mind is filled with pictures of the pleasure he will reap from their society, and the profit which in the future they will bring to him in business, and the credit they may bring him with the little world in which he moves; for in proportion as a wife loves her offspring, a husband may be said to be proud of them.

The Salvationist, in addition to the motives already referred to, hails his sons and daughters as so many reinforcements for the Army and his Klug, and counts them as Soldiers as soon as they have commenced to breathe the vital air.

I was talking one night to an Electrician about his son on board a vessel in which I was voyaging. He had told me before that he had three little boys, and I wanted to know what would become of them if their father died. He knew very little English, and I knew less German, and so I don't think he understood me, for he replied, "Oh, the Kaiser has provided for my three boys in his Army or his Navy!" That was his idea about the future of his boys. They must go to fight for the Emperor and the Fatherland. And he regarded the prospect with satisfaction. So, every good Salvationist will, with intelligent pleasure, rejoice over his children as being recruits for the great Army of the King of Kings.

9. A WIFE WILL BRING HER HUSBAND THE JOYS OF HOME-LIFE. Everybody sings, "Home, home, sweet home," and home is not only worth slugging about, but valuing highly, both as being the dwelling-place of the purest pleasures of human life, and as the nursery where some of its loveliest virtues are brought into being and trained up to maturity. How much Great Britain owes to its

love and culture of home-life will never be known in this world.

"Such a home makes man the better,  
Sweet and lasting its control;  
Home, with pure and bright surround-  
ings,  
Leaves an impress on the soul."

But no man can be said to have a home in the highest sense of the word, without a wife. That does not say that no man will be happy unmarried. Happiness depends on the possession of a clean heart, faithfulness to right principles, and his devotion to the service of God and man. Indeed, as experience teaches, God can make His joy so abundant in the soul of a true soldier under any circumstances, while, as Paul affirms, and as we have just observed, the opportunities of usefulness may be even greater in a single than a married state.

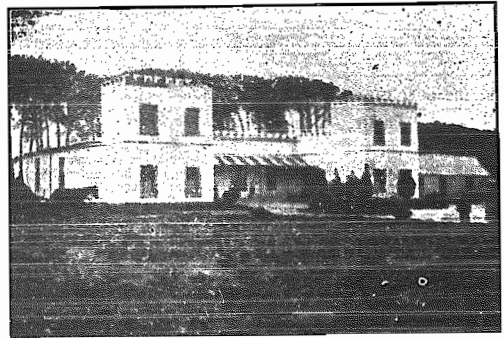
Still, I write for every-day people and the conditions of ordinary life. I say that marriage is of Divine appointment, and amongst the other blessings brought to a husband by a good, faithful, and affectionate wife, will be the happy home which, in many respects, comes far on for being the truest type of the Heavenly Rest.

## S. A. Social Operations in South Africa.

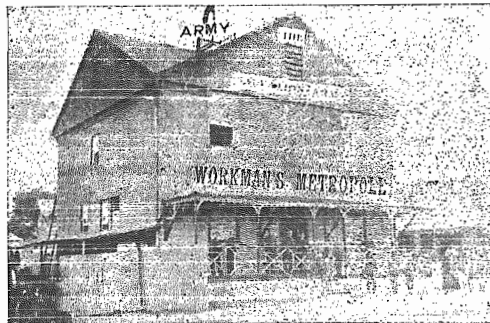
The "Illustrated Review of the Salvation Army Social Operations in South Africa for 1899-1900" has just come to hand. It is a neatly-covered booklet of the size of All the World, well written and liberally illustrated.

### Social Work Among Women.

Rescue Homes for Women are now established in most of the chief centres in South Africa. At Kimberley Mrs. Capt. Cass is in charge. Mrs. Cass has had many horrors to pass through. She was in Matabeleland at the outbreak of the rebellion of 1896, when her husband was shot dead at her side. Last winter she stuck nobly to her post during the trials and privations of the long siege of Kimberley. A fine new Home has been opened at Port Elizabeth in February last. The Transvaal Home had to be closed during the war, but operations there will be resumed as soon as permissible. The seven Rescue Homes accommodate about 100 girls. During last year 130 persons passed



THE S. A. PRISON GATE HOME, RONDEBOSCH, SOUTH AFRICA.



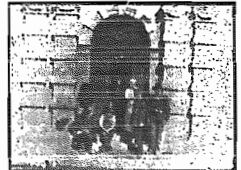
THE RECENTLY-OPENED WORKMAN'S METROPOLE AT KIMBERLEY, S.A.

through these institutions, \$5 per cent. of which are reported as satisfactory. This supports the astonishing rate of success attained by similar Army institutions all round the world. Of the above number, 78 girls have been sent to situations, 26 have been restored to friends, and 36 have professed salvation and given proof of a change of heart. 1,016 visits to brothels have been paid by our officers; 129 prison meetings for women have been held, and otherwise 4,192 hours spent in visitation.

### Men's Social Work.

The Food and Shelter Depots provide accommodation for about 400 men. During the year 92,502 men received cheap lodgings, including 5,544 free admissions.

26,535 cheap meals were supplied. 1,112 men passed through the labor yards, who received \$735 in wages. 256 men have been admitted to the Prison Gate Homes, and 291 men have passed out.



ENTRANCE TO OUR CAPE TOWN METROPOLE

On April 10th a fine Workman's Metropole was opened at Kimberley, where, in spite of an annual output of sixteen million dollars' worth of diamonds, there are plenty of poor and hungry men. A Military Home is combined with this institution, and excellent results have been achieved.

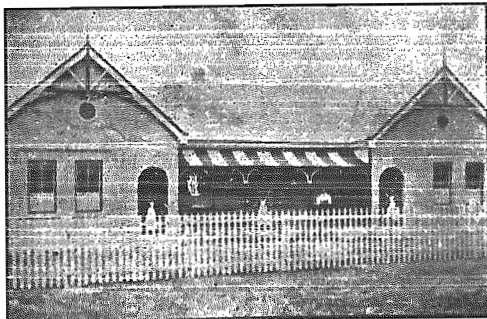
With the Prison Gate Home at Rondebosch the Social Farm is connected, which furnishes temporary employment to discharged prisoners.

It is quite true that many of the advantages I have endeavored to set forth, as possessed by the husband in the married state, may be very imperfectly realized. The wife in herself, and in the discharge of her duties, may come far short of what I have tried to picture, but even then the man generally has much, very much, to be thankful for. Often this will be only imperfectly prized, often not prized at all, until forfeited and lost for ever by death. Then its value may come to be appreciated—perhaps not then!

Every time you turn your eyes on evil its shadow falls on your heart.

Some people never pray for a revival to come at a time when it will interfere with their work.

The man who never speaks of his religion in public is not getting very much out of it in private.



THE NEW S. A. RESCUE HOME "FLORENCE HOME," PORT ELIZABETH, SOUTH AFRICA.

## GAZETTE.

## PROMOTIONS—

Lieut. Lang, Gannuque, to be Captain.  
Lieut. Bond, Owen Sound, to be Captain.

## APPOINTMENT—

ENNSIGN PENNY, Hampton, to Hillsboro, N. B.  
EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



Published for Evangeline Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the North-Western States of America, and Alaska, by John S. C. Cullen, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto.

All communications referring to the contents of the War Cry, contributions for publication in its pages, or insertion space, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.  
All communications on matters relating to subscriptions, arrears, and changes of address, should be addressed to THE TRUSTEES, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.  
All communications on matters relating to the War Cry should be addressed to EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.  
All communications to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All manuscripts, unless otherwise indicated for publication, can be sent at the rate of only four cents postage per two columns, if enclosed in an unopened envelope or open wrapper and marked "Printer's Copy."

## The Illness of Consul Mrs. Booth-Cucker.

By THE COMMISSIONER.

The past few days have been of most acute and painful anxiety to those who have known of the sudden and serious illness of my beloved sister—Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker. The almost-tropical heat, which has sought its victims everywhere, fell with cruel force upon the Consul, and with its ruthless hand thrust her into a condition of suffering which, through the watches of the last four day and nights, has proved most severe and alarming.

Since the receipt of the first intimation of her critical state, I have passed through an agony of apprehension and have held myself in readiness to leave at any moment for New York—in fact, I was starting on Saturday when telegrams informed me of a slight change for the better, and also advised me that the slight excitement my presence would occasion might seriously retard her recovery. As yet she has not been able to send me any message, or I know she would ask us for our prayers. This request I make in her stead, and plead that out of the fulness of your heart, with a persistent fervency, you will entreat of our Plying and Unerring Father the benediction of His healing touch, for although there is cause for much praise for the improvement the latest news brings us, yet the Consul is extremely low, and her condition is precarious.

I feel assured that you will pray with that faith which will bring the answer to your prayers, in the knowledge you have of the blessing His grace has made her to thousands of the most sad and sinning, and how creepily she is loved throughout the world. Also I would ask you to hold up the Commander, who, during his long journey from California, passed through the greatest mental strain of his life.

### WINNIPEG FRESH AIR CAMP.

The finances for the Fresh Air Camp in Winnipeg were collected by a committee of ladies formed for that purpose. It was an inter-denominational committee and did excellent work.



August 14th, 1900.

### THE CHINESE SITUATION.

Repeated telegrams from various foreign ministers give substantiation to the fact that the foreigners are still holding out in the British Legation, Peking, although food and ammunition were running low. The British representative, Sir Claude Macdonald, states in a despatch, dated 6th inst., that only ten days' food was available, and a general massacre was feared unless speedy relief would come. The killed and wounded among the foreigners in Peking number 100.—The Chinese Emperor offered to conduct the foreigners to Tien Tsin under escort, but this offer has been refused, as treachery is feared. Besides it would mean the abandonment of 3,000 native Christians to certain slaughter.

The allies, however, have made a splendid advance. They have captured Yangtze after a stubborn resistance, and the Chinese troops have been in disorder. The allies lost nearly 200 men in killed and wounded.—The allied forces are reported, according to telegrams of yesterday, to be within 35 miles of Peking.—Count Waldersee, a German Field Marshal, has been appointed as Commander-in-Chief of the allied forces in China. All the Powers, except France, has accepted the appointment. Count Waldersee cannot reach China till late in September, however.—The Chinese Emperor has appointed Li Hung Chang as Peace Commissioner, and has appointed him plenipotentiary to several Powers. The allies refuse to discuss peace until the foreign ministers are safely released from Peking.—The Russians have captured New Chang, and are sending large forces to Manchuria.

### THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

Pence does not appear at any approachable distance, according to the latest news from the front.—General Delarey has captured the British Garrison at Eland's River after ten days' resistance.—General Carrington has been ordered to concentrate at Mafeking, in preparation for a second siege.—General De Wet is reported to have 3,500 men and 200 wagons with him. He has crossed the Vaal River, and although closely followed by General Kitchener and several times thought to be completely surrounded, it is feared he will escape and join Delarey's force.—The Orange River Colony seems to be cleared of the enemy now.—General Buller is moving northward.—Both the Boers and the British soldiers are reported to be badly in need of clothing and suitable food.—A plot was discovered in Pretoria to capture and carry off Lord Roberts and shoot the British officers. The conspirators have been arrested.—The Boers sniped the train of the Pretoria, and as a punishment, the farms within a radius of ten miles were burned.

### NORTH AMERICAN NEWS.

A big storm at Cornwall unroofed many buildings.—An unusual number of deaths from cholera is reported during the week.—Typhoid fever is very prevalent in Winnipeg.—A case of yellow fever is reported in New York.—In a collision of an omnibus and a train in Pennsylvania, eleven people were killed and several injured.—An Express Messenger was foully murdered in his car, near Columbus, Ohio, and a considerable sum stolen from the company's safe. The murderer has been secured, and has confessed to the deed.—During the past seven months the increase in the export of cattle, wheat, cheese, eggs, fish, and bacon from Canada to Great Britain amounted to five million dollars.—Bermuda colored troops have been terrorizing the citizens of Hamilton, Ont.—The Great Central Railway fell through a trestle bridge 70 or 80 feet into the gully. The driver was killed and all the passengers injured.

### INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

Recent rains have decidedly improved the crop prospects of India.—American soldiers in the Philippines are reported dying in great numbers owing to the lack of medical aid.—Yellow fever is reported as widely spread on the West coast of Africa.—A suspected case of bubonic plague has been isolated at Hamburg.—Russia expects to have 142,000 men and 342 guns in Siberia by the end of September.—The Amer of Afghanistan is said to be mobilizing his army to advance against the Russian frontier.—Lord Salisbury has gone to a health resort in France.—Dr. Lebkuech, a German Socialist leader, is dead.—Japan has entirely prohibited the emigration of Japanese laborers to British Columbia.—55 millions were subscribed in the U. S. A. to the recent British war loan, of which \$28,000,000 were allotted.—Another massacre of 200 Armenians and children included, is reported from Billa.—A French naval manœuvre a torpedo boat destroyer was cut in two by a battleship and 42 lives were lost. The accident was due to a wrong turning of the destroyer.—The Star liner Clyde had a fire in her hold while at sea, which caused great anxiety for some days, but was finally subdued.

## FROM THE Commissioner's Desk.

This article of furniture is not so stationary as others of its name. Its shape, size, and surroundings are dependent upon its owner's rapid migrations from one scene of work and action to another. Sometimes the Commissioner's desk is the vibrating seat of a railway car, where reams of defuncting have been done under difficulties, and where erratic snakes do all the work and cross all the lines of hand-writing. Sometimes the desk is sometimes in the little table of the officer's quarters, where the Commissioner has put in many hours while on tour, and inadvertently inspired the devoted corps commander by a peep into the arduous, inevitable scenes told which is the believable characteristic of their leader's war-camp. Sometimes (though this is not nearly so often) the "desk" is found in some cozy corner of the Commissioner's private home sanctum. In which every one, in any way or other, is pressed into business use; in fact, if the revelation were not almost beyond the prerogative of these notes, we might find even the couch upon which our leader seeks her night's slumber, spread, both early and late, with a neat and crumpling verity of papers. This week, however, the Commissioner's desk has, in reality, been the large brown table in the large brown room behind the gothic window in which the pulse of the Territory sends out its throbbing.

The almost tropic wave which has passed over Toronto during the last few days has not had mercy upon the Commissioner's office. The stifling heat would have prostrated his scanty stock of reserve strength had it not been for her spirit, which is equally unyielding under any atmospheric conditions, torrid or frigid. There were some who verily believed that they did the Kingdom of God and the flag service when they besought the Commissioner to spare herself a few hours of the city's smothering influences, where the thermometer was at its highest, by remaining at home, but their arguments were defeated by the Commissioner and driven ignominiously from the field by her indignant scorn. On the bridge she would stay, no matter what flights of fiery elation the summer's temperature climbed. So during the long, burning hours of the past week, officers who have mopped their dripping foreheads with one hand while they wielded their pens with the other, have rejoiced that their commander is at her post in their midst, and though nearly melted with the fires of mid-summer affliction, undaunted as ever.

Harvest Festival is to the front in the Commissioner's attention. More than one hour an intruder in her

## The Consul Seriously Ill.

(By wire.)

Monmouth House,  
Spring Lake, N.J.

Regret to have to inform you that Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker was prostrated by the recent heat wave, her life being for some time in imminent danger through failure of the heart. Through God's blessing, she is now out of danger, though still extremely low. Desire your prayers.  
COLONEL HIGGINS.

office would have found her with the Chief and Territorial Secretaries in profound consultation on this subject, a forest of H. P. "raw material" displayed before them. Every hair of the Colonel's head has bristled with excitement as he noted and numbered the hieroglyphic notes of valuations schemes and suggestions, while the benign brow of the itinerant champion of the Field has fairly shone with unaltered desire to outdo all previous plans formed for this effort in the history of man. Of course these conferees have been strictly confidential, and we must not conjecture the detailed nature of the aforesaid schemes; but there was one remark which leaked out between the red balize doors about this Harvest Festival being bound to beat the record, and we fancy that it sounded like the Commissioner's own voice that said it.

At the close of the week's sultriest day a shadow fell upon the Commissioner's path—one of those heart-rending scenes which are significant scraps of yellow paper often known so much to, well how to inflict. A wired message told of sickness, serious and sudden, which had fallen upon our leader's loved sister—the Consul. Wire followed wire of distressing news, and the devotion of a sister's heart was full of pain and apprehension. Hasty preparations were made, and the Commissioner was just starting on another of those and journeys which she has taken on sorrow's wing to the States' Headquarters when a telegram holding happier tidings was lauded in. While we write the Consul's condition is improved, but still very critical and acute. Anxiety is felt at the Army's Headquarters over the border accentuated by the fact that the Consul was laid low when the Commander was thousands of miles distant upon the warpath, and has had to travel in an agony of anxiety a long three days' journey before he could reach the side of his stricken wife. Her own command will appreciate the prayers of all sympathetic hearts in this Territory on behalf of this warrior home, again wrapped in the twilight of affliction, that one so precious to the fight may speedily be restored to the front once more.

### The Warning of Ease.

Nature is vocal with warnings. Pain is a warning of one kind, and ease is a warning of another kind. When work that is worn doing by the body becomes very weary, we may generally conclude that we are not doing it as well as we might. If such excellence is impossible when we are satisfied to do a thing easily. Only in the challenge of the difficult lies the possibility of progress. Heroes are made to turn and become as little children if we would enter the Kingdom of Heaven. They enjoy the difficult.

### MRS. READ'S TOUR.

Finish of Her Successful Tour in the Eastern Province.

(By wire.)

Finished New Brunswick campaign: good times. Hon. Dr. Stockton presided social meeting. Deepest interest manifested in Rescue Work at Moncton, Fredericton, and Woodstock. Report following.—Mrs. Read.



# FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT TO THE FINISH.

## Commissioner Dowdle's Funeral and Memorial Service.

### The General in Command of these Remarkable Meetings—The First Army Commissioner Dead—197 Souls Find Life.

The Memorial Campaign has proved a memorable one. The vast audiences on both Saturday and Sunday; the impressive and inspiring scenes in the Congress Hall, as one meeting followed another; the songs and music, both by the side of the open grave and in the building; the holy influences which passed over thousands of hearts; and the mighty messages which fell from the General's lips, as well as his own presence amongst us on an occasion so nearly touching the hearts of the multitude, have all rendered these meetings of the deepest interest.

The crowds—and there were great crowds—were very much moved. The General's addresses were a wonderful presentation of life and death; all day long the people hung upon his words. Bad men and good alike saw things as they are; saw themselves from the vantage-ground of their death-chambers. Multitudes looked at life from death, and looked at death in the light of what was to come after. He compared the grave with a light on it from the Cross, and the grave set in the blackness of despair. The joys of the Redeemed, the Triumphs of the Faithful, only appeared more glorious with the terrible background which the Truth about Sin and Judgment presented.

It was a Salvationist's day. This unlettered, godless Railway Guard, the mention of whose name brings tears to thousands of eyes, was a genuine example of Salvation Army work and warfare; his life and its results were a sword with which the General made great havoc amongst the King's enemies.

The scene in the concluding Meeting on Sunday night was one over which God Himself must have rejoiced. Sinners coming to the Cross; Backsliders returning home; families reunited at the feet of Jesus; Drunkards and Prostitutes, Pharisees, Church Members, and the little children and old men grown white in the service of sin, kneeling together. Tears, and groans, and songs of faith and triumph, mingled in a holy melody. Hallelujah! 197 souls was the total for Sunday.

"Commissioner Dowdle is dead!" cried the General out of the depths of his own heart-sorrow, and the gathered multitude in the Congress Hall that sultry Saturday afternoon realized that it was so, and a deeper hush brooded over the vast audience.

We had been trying to say it to each other for the past half-hour; the solemn red and yellow draped casket, which occupied the space in front of the platform, majestic in its solitary state, said it; the sad faces of the old comrades who sat immediately in front groined together on the lowly penitent form, said it; the white ribbons fluttering from the Army colors, and the white armlets, said it; the pathetic figure of the little widow, her slender fingers tightly-clenched in the cross-and-crown sash, said it; but never did the truth come home to each heart with such vividness as when the General, with hands stretched out towards the coffin in front of him, on which, mute and unstrung, lay the old fidèle "Jimmy" Dowdle had so nobly and truly praised his God with for upwards of forty years, and with a voice of emotion proclaimed:

"Commissioner Dowdle is dead!"

Dead! Yes, he was dead, and many a heart was sore and broken because of it, though never a child had he to call him "father"—that is, after the flesh. Spiritual children he had in almost every corner of the earth, and there is mourning to-day in many lands, and among various nationalities, because James Dowdle, Commissioner by the grace of God, is not.

The Chief of the Staff's opening prayer would have delighted Commissioner Dowdle. Its triumphant ringing echo of the resurrection cry, "Oh, grave, where is thy victory?" chorused well with the sturdy spiritual nature James Dowdle possessed.

Commissioner Coombs' solo, which preceded the General's address, was a song of deliverance, and a great favorite of Commissioner Dowdle's, whose years of Christlike toil ever testified—

"There is pleasure in His service More than all."

The General's words were listened to intently, and everyone felt that he sorrowed, not alone for the loss of an old and tested officer, but for a friend.

dress you with emotions such as make it very difficult for me to express the feelings of my heart. This, I say, is an unusual service. If a stranger were to ask, "What does it mean? Why all these people gathered together at this unusual hour, with these solemn countenances, and yet so earnest in their aspect?" we would tell them that a long-trying and well-loved Commissioner had been taken from his place in our ranks and had been promoted to the triumphant Salvation Army in the sky.

Commissioner Dowdle is dead! We find it difficult, to this hour, to believe it; we find it difficult to believe that we shall see his loving countenance never again here below. But this coffin is convincing evidence of the fact. The Commissioner has gone, his noble form lies prostrate, the light has gone out of his loving eyes.

#### His Lips are Silent;

we shall hear him sing the songs of Zion no more until we join him in singing them triumphantly before the throne. We shall hear him no more pleading with the sinner to submit himself to his offended Father, or the backslider to return to his home. We shall not again hear his voice encouraging us to be diligent and earnest in the fight. His wife is alone, but we know enough of her spirit to believe that she will continue earnestly in the fight until she joins him in the Better Land. Our sympathies are with her, our prayers are for her, but we are all mourners to-day, for Commissioner Dowdle sleeps the sleep of death. He is gone, and someone ought to speak a word for him. If any man who has passed out of our ranks and from our earthly sight to that Heavenly mansion ought to have a word said over his remains, I think it is the Commissioner, whom we are about to lay in the grave to-day. And I think if anyone has a supreme right to speak about him it is myself. Next to his beloved wife, I count myself to have been

#### Most Beloved of All,

and, therefore, I feel that I ought to say something to you before we take him to the cemetery, and lay him in the dust to await the Trump which shall call him from the grave.

I knew him well. He was not difficult to know; he was a transparent, straightforward, open-hearted man, who carried his heart on his sleeve, so to speak. You had only to look into his face, and to hear his words, and you felt as though you were looking into his breast, and hearing the throbbings of his heart. I knew him, and he knew me. I trusted him. I never had a shadow of a question about his loyalty; no fear ever crossed my mind about his ever deserting his colors and leaving his General to carry on the battle alone. I very much question whether such a thought was ever for a moment entertained as a possibility by him! I loved him, and he loved me!

I shall never forget our first meeting. Thirty-three long years of trial and difficulty and change have passed over my head since then, but that meeting is as fresh in my memory as it was in Whitechapel, that birthplace of many good, blessed, and precious people, and many good and blessed things in this movement. It was one Sunday evening, I was out in the usual way, and although I had to lead a meeting of some three thousand people afterwards, I stuck to my post in the open-air and led the procession. I had put down Commissioner Dowdle to speak. He spoke, he spoke straight to the heart. I liked the ring of it; I said:

"That man has hold of the right object, and he is seeking it in the right way."

He heard me speak afterwards, and he was some fifty or sixty people kneel at the penitent form. His open-air effort won my confidence, and my in-door effort, and what followed it, won his confidence in me. It was a case of

#### Love at First Sight.

Our hearts came together, and they came together to know no separation. We are only separated now in form. We are still one in spirit, and shall be one in spirit at last.

Fifty-nine years, or thereabouts, he lived in this world; for more than thirty of them he was an officer of the Salvation Army, and I do not believe there is anyone who ever knew him, from that time, who has reason to question the reality of his profession. He lived his religion right out, in the barracks he was the same, in his quarters he was the same, in his billets he was the same; in Great Britain, in the Continent, in America, or even in Australia, or wherever he might be, before all sorts, classes, and conditions of men, Commissioner Dowdle held up his head, and wore his uniform, and avowed himself to be a Salvationist, a follower of Jesus Christ, and said good people would go to heaven, and bad people would go to hell.

For a long, long time he lived, as it were on the verge of the grave. Many and many a time he seemed to climb up some sort of a ladder, and get very near to the gates of heaven, and then come back again to us, and filed us with hope he was going to be allowed a longer stay. But at last the gates had opened, and have let him in. Is there a man or woman here, who knew him, who has a doubt that he is safely landed amongst the blessed?

Then followed a fervent appeal to sinners, especially backsliders, to make their peace with God and meet the Commissioner in Heaven. Had there been time for a prayer meeting, we feel sure that scores would have yielded.

#### THE FUNERAL MARCH.

The funeral procession was the most imposing that has been seen in North London since that never-to-be-forgotten event in October, 1890. A long column of red and blue, it was formed in four sections, and numbered 2,400 officers and soldiers. Every phase of the service was represented, for was not the deceased warrior an all-round Salvationist?

The following was the order of the formation:

Advance Guard—Twelve Male Officers.  
Bands—Congress Hall and Cadets.

(Continued on page 13.)

#### COMMISSIONER JAMES J. DOWDLE.

Born, 1840. Promoted to Glory, July 21, 1900. For 33 Years an Officer in the Salvation Army.

## North-West Wanderings.

CALGARY.—It is said that this beautiful town, of some 5,000 inhabitants, is surrounded by the finest ranching country there is. The land is also adapted for any kind of farming. This year the outlook is grand. Calgary is built mostly from a view to permanency, rather than style, yet, be it known, Calgary stone is used in some of the finest structures of the West. The first thought that will strike a stranger's eye on going through the streets of Calgary is the great number of saddled ponies (bronchos). At every turn one will see men, women, and children riding through the streets on a bucking broncho, as they are familiarly called.

The Salvation Army, along with several other deconsecrations, is an established thing. Eugene Taylor and Capt. Charlton have been in charge about three months, and have got a good hold of the place. The place the meetings are held in is not adapted to soul-saving work. It is a long, narrow, dingy place, and with the exception of a few seats from the front, the speaker cannot see distinctly the faces of those in the audience. Adjt. Cass, accompanied by Adjt. D. F. McKee, of Newfoundland fame, came Saturday night, July 21st and 22nd, in this town. On Saturday night we had two splendid open-air. A large crowd of men stood round the ring all through the meeting, giving good attention to all that was said. Concluding inducements were felt, the drum was put down, and people were invited to the Cross, and God, the Holy Ghost, spoke as the comrades sang. "And yet He will thy sins forgive." Adjt. Cass pleaded with them to decide the business once, as time was short and death was nearer, perhaps, than what we expected. Just at this juncture a broncho, tied to a post, just across the street, got nervous at something and started to give a broncho exhibition of bucking and kicking. A young woman who had been riding him rushed from the store at which she was shopping, to stop him; but he was not to be quieted. He threw her down forcibly on the ground, and to onlookers, seemed to be determined on making an end of her. Adjt. McKee and a number of others rushed to the rescue and got her out of the way. She declared she was not hurt, which was a marvel to everybody. She, indeed, had a narrow escape.

The Sunday's meetings were good, though we were very badly disappointed in having no souls in the meetings.

I might say we had a beautiful time with the Juniors, and three children volunteered out for salvation. More about the J. S. meetings in the Young Soldier.

I am writing this on the cars on my way to Edmonton. This is indeed a beautiful country from Calgary north; on both sides of the track the scenery is delightful, and everything has a very healthy appearance.

EDMONTON.—Spent two busy days in this place, and had two splendid open-air and two good inside meetings. The corps is about to lose their hall in this place, and it seems to be an impossibility to get another. However, we hope to find a way out of the difficulty. Lieut. Leuwick is very bad with nervous prostration, and goes on furlough. Capt. Wick holds on alone, but she has some good soldiers to help her.

The crops around this section are magnificent this year. One or two farmers told me they expected they would have from 80 to 100 bushels of grain to the acre. The people of this part have high hopes for the future, and there is a lively appearance to everything.

MEDICINE HAT.—My last report was written on the train on the way to this beautiful little railroad center. The Salvation Army, under the administration of Capt. Brander and Lieut. Edith Gamble, is doing a good work. I spent two nights here. We had good meetings, but were somewhat in-



CATTLE RANCHING IN THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

terfered with by a man who seemed to be full of the devil, or had not much sense. The boys around the open-air were very anxious to get some rotten eggs to quell the disturbance, as he was not a drunkard. May he see his folly soon, and how he is leading his children astray. One dear boy gave his heart to God, and is doing well. The proprietor of the Assiniboia Hotel was very kind, he having billeted us during our stay in the city.

LETHBRIDGE.—We arrived here Saturday morning at 7:15 a.m. This is where the noted Galt Coal Mines are situated. Many of our soldiers were 300 feet under the ground here. A good number met us at the station. The very air breathed a successful series of meetings here. I felt we were going to have a good time in this place. And the following will show we were not disappointed.

Calgary brass band, with Captain Charlton, arrived at 7:45 p.m. The open-air was fine. The ten-horn band had the right ring, and there was no waiting. The band played good, and the crowd gave \$10.30 in the collection. Inside, it was good to be there. The Sunday's meetings and Monday's opening of barracks are fully reported on another page.)

MOOSE JAW.—After 12 hours riding during the night, we arrived at Moose Jaw. The C. P. R. have one of the finest stations at this place that I have seen along the line. The Salvation Army, under Capt. Spikes and

## JAMESTOWN DISTRICT.

### Seven Days' Remarkable Meetings.

Hallelujah! Home once more, after seven days of the most blessed meetings that I ever attended. Tired? Yes, but happy. Bless God for such times. The glory came in showers. I was going to say, but it was cloud-bursts, or glory-bursts, as you like. Who were there?

First and foremost was Adjutant Thomas, D. O., with Lieutenant Custer. Then Esau Perry, the T. P. S.; Capt. and Mrs. Wilkins; Capt. Smith and Capt. Anderson, Bismarck; Capt. Myles, Devil's Lake; Captain Brown, from Oakes. The Captain rode 75 miles on a bicycle. I am sorry for him and his Lieutenant, Forsberg. Your humble servant only came half that distance, and was very glad to get to the end of the journey, after getting pitched off half-a-dozen times. Riding a wheel over a prairie trail, with the ruts sometimes 12 inches deep, is pretty tough for a beginner. Last, but not least, we had with us the Sergt.-Major from Mandan, who is the senior officer there at present. He looked as if he was not yet tired of the fight, although he is all alone, with one exception.

Busy? Well, I should say so. We held 24 meetings in six days, starting at 7 a.m., and finishing somewhere between 12 and 1, with scarcely time to eat a box of sandwiches in between each meeting.

Open-air meetings? Plenty of them. In addition to having

## Salvation Hand-Bell Ringers on Tour.

(Continued.)

The Salvation Hand-Bell Ringers left Newcastle on Friday, en route for Campbellton, N. B., to spend the week-end there. We arrived in Campbellton at 8:30, tired out, and were met at the depot by some of the comrades with a team for the whole party to convey us to our billets.

Saturday morning found us as fresh as daisies, ready to face the devil and fight to a finish. No very soon let the good people know that we had struck the town, as, with a comrade of Campbellton and a rig, the curly-headed rafter, the musical cyclone, and the quiet nun, with announcements, brass instruments and drum, we made the town ring.

At night we had a fine time in the open-air. The street was blocked, and inside we had a good time.

Sunday came along, and with it rain. We thought at first that we were in for a wet day; but the weather was not so bad as that, was perfect. The holiness meeting was grand. We marched before to let the people know that we were alive. The meeting was one of power. Everyone felt the force of the Major's address, which was very scorching. Result, two souls.

In the afternoon and at night we had the meetings in the Oddfellows' Hall, kindly given up for us for the purpose by the Railway Men's Association. At night the Major spoke with great power and freedom, and his address was listened to by everyone with deep attention. Result, eight souls, making ten for the day.

On Monday night the meeting of the visit, to wit, the Hand-Bell Ringers' Festival, which was a storm of music from start to finish. The Oddfellows' Hall was so soon packed with an eager crowd, nor were they disappointed, with a program that lasted over two hours. Some were loud in expressing their regret at the troupe leaving so soon. The troupe are busy in their expression of gratitude to the kind people who so heartily welcomed them, and the kindness extended to them by all hands. Capt. Jackson and Lieutenant Meikle are in charge, and have things well in hand.

The troupe boarded the train at 3:30 a.m. for Sackville, after being up all night, some of the comrades being there to see us off, giving us a kind invitation to come again.

The troupe arrived at Sackville at 11:20, being met by Capt. Forsey, the officer in charge, but we are sorry to say, we were one member short. Major Pickering had to leave the troupe at Moncton to proceed to St. John on urgent business. We had a good time in Sackville; good crowd; collection \$14.60.

The troupe arrived in Amherst in the forenoon. After dinner we started to wake up the town. Did it rain? It poured. And the funny men in the rig, did they get wet? Of course they did, but the water did not get through the brains. Capt. and Mrs. Forsey came down to help in the night meeting. In the open-air didn't the people laugh to see Capt. F. and the curly-headed madman dance? But Amherst is all right; we had a good meeting.

Truro. Arrived at 2 o'clock. Met at the station by Capt. Ryan and Lieut. S. Leblanc. Presently there is a rush. What's the matter? Why, the Halifax train just came in, and in it Mrs. McElheney, come to look after the curly-headed member of the troupe, and quite right, Mrs. McElheney wants looking after.

Night came, and with it the meeting. House crowded, and people delighted; good finances.

The trip for the week was in every way satisfactory, although there were some crows on the fence who croaked. There has been only one cloud to mar the trip, and that is the illness of Mrs. Major Pickering. I am sure our comrades will pray for Mrs. Pickering and the Major.



ST. THOMAS.—We have many encouraging things to report in the way of blessing and victory. One week six souls sought forgiveness and three obtained the blessing of sanctification. Major and Mrs. McMillan, with Adjt. Coombs, recently paid us a visit, which was very successful. Saturday and Sunday last, Banner McMillan, of Galt, was with us and proved a splendid help. The War Cry Brigade succeeds in selling all the Crys before Saturday night. Three new members have joined the Brigade. Bro. and Three souls have come to God for pardon, two of these being backsliders. They will make two more soldiers for Toronto, but two less for us. Sister Morris is an active Junior worker, and Bro. Morris is a faithful handsman. May God bless them and go with them, and still lead us on to victory.—Ensign A. D. Slot.

#### Great Things Ahead.

MOOREHEAD.—Since coming to Moorehead, July 15th, we have not sent in many reports, but we are still alive and fighting on. The war against sin has been fierce, but victory is ours. Three souls have come to God for pardon, two of these being backsliders. God is in our midst, and we are believing for great things. The people of Moorehead are very kind. Ensign Perry, who has just left us, said he was in love with the place and people. The Ensign's meetings were times of great blessing, and we believe the people have been stirred up to greater activities than ever before. We have no trouble in selling our full number of War Crys. Yours for victory, R. Russell, Lieut.

OTTAWA.—Staff-Capt. Burditt, our new Chancellor, was with us on Saturday and Sunday. God wonderfully blessed the efforts with the salvation of many souls. On Saturday evening one soul came to God. In the Sunday morning holiness meeting the Staff-Captain's subject, "The paying of vows to God," was a very soul-stirring appeal, bringing two seekers to the Savior's feet, while the Sunday meeting, on Sunday night, was a real salvation blizzard, resulting in five precious souls kneeling at the Mercy Seat, making a total of eight souls for the week's meetings. Congratulations, Staff-Captain, we shall be pleased to see you. Praise God for the victories.—S. A. French.

#### A Successful Self-Denial.

BLENHEIM.—Our Self-Denial appeal has been attended with very good results, seeing the town has been so recently canvassed by others. Adjt. Coombs' notes on the District were very much appreciated. Capt. Harman has taken up the reels here, and is going in to do his best for God and souls. Friday was red-letter day, being the occasion of the visit of Major and Mrs. McMillan, with the boy trumpeters and Adjt. Coombs. Returning to the barracks, a very good crowd awaited us, some new faces being noticed among those present. We were treated to some more choice music on both the brass and stringed instruments. The Major's talk was to the point, and lukewarm professors were vigorously dealt with. One soul sought a deeper work of grace. Come again, Major, and bring your boys with you. Ina Groom.

#### A Day of Visiting and Victory.

SCILLY COVE, Nfld.—We left our quarters in the morning for a day's visiting at our outpost, which was three miles away from our camp, and a hard three miles' walk, up hill and down hill, but we had victory in visiting 24 homes for the day. We sold

19 War Crys, prayed with and blessed people, some of whom were near death's river. Since we found had not been prayed with for years. Coming to our own little place we obtained some fresh fish from one of our comrades, had our tea and went to our meeting. A call was made after the meeting. We arrived again at our quarters, tired, but happy in Jesus, and retired for the night. We feel a bit tired this morning, but will be ready for our afternoon's visiting. Some of our outpost friends promised to have a supper cooked the next time we visit them. They were very kind. We visited one old lady 87 years of age, and had never been saved. She longs for salvation now.—Yours to help, Capt. England; Lieut. Bailey.

#### Souls Our Motto.

SOMERSET, Ber.—On Sunday night Capt. Goodwin said good-bye to the Somerset corps and friends after a short stay of six months. We were all sorry to have to part with her so soon. She has been alone in Somerset without a Lieutenant for nearly four months, and we must say that she has worked very hard and deserves great credit for the way she has kept the corps together. Although of late we have not seen much visible results of the faithful and devoted toil nevertheless, we trust that the incoming officers will reap the harvest of the seed sown by Capt. Goodwin. We believe she is a faithful officer to God and the Salvation Army. We are in for victory here and our motto is Souls.—Johnnie, S. C.

#### RIDGETOWN.—

"Many times would his elbow go tip, tip, tip,  
As from the little goblet he would sip, sip, sip.  
But he stopped short, never to drink again.  
When the old demijohn was gone,"

was the chorus of the song sung by Donald McMillan, one of the boy trumpeters, on a recent visit to Ridgetown. It had been announced that Major McMillan, with the four boy trumpeters, and Adjt. Coombs, of Chatham, would be at the Fellowship Hall on Wednesday night, Aug. 1st. All arrived on the 11:20 train. In the open-air the people were captivated with the music played by the Adjutant and the boys on the brass and stringed instruments, also on their whistles. The meeting inside was excellent. The Major was at his best. All present enjoyed ice cream at the close. Come again, Major, and bring Mrs. McMillan. Yours to fight, Carr and Cook, C. O's.

#### The Enemy Routed.

PRESCOTT.—Our soldiers and converts are still going on in the fight, although it is hard. Since last report the enemy has been routed on all sides, and the red-hot truth poured into the enemy's ranks. Sunday night's meeting was one of power and spiritual blessing. Old-time Salvation Army meetings are the order of the day. The people are in great sympathy with us. God bless Prescott.—Matthew Brimston, R. C.

#### Three Hundred Converts in Five Months.

SKAGWAY.—We arrived in Skagway on July 24th. The soldiers, Mission people, and friends gave us a grand welcome. While on the train, a gentleman said, "The good that is being done by the Army here should be more widely known. The work is rather difficult just now, as so many are away prospecting, but we keep believing. We had been here but two of three days when a Sergeant and two privates came in from Killisnoak, where they have had about three hundred converts in five months. They



CAPT. OWEN.

Just felled from Coast, Cooks.

pleaded so hard for someone to go and help them for a few days. Capt. Gooding went, and we may look out for a report of her trip later.—Lieut. "Skagway."

QUERREY.—Captains Huxtable and Bloss have farewelled and Capt. Norman and Grose have arrived to carry on the war. Ensign Steadman, and wife and daughter, from Watertown, N. Y., were with us for a few days. Comrades lifted up, blessed and helped on in their souls; also Miss Leonard, a non-sectarian missionary, from over the line, with us Thursday night, giving her experience before and after conversion, and needless to say, her address was appreciated by all present. Sisters Crawford and Shepherd were Cry selling Saturday night in a hotel, when a gentleman handed Sister Crawford a five-dollar bill for one. Taking things altogether, Quebec is on the rise. With Christ in the vessel we shall smile at the storm.—A. J. for Capt. Norman.

#### Still Alive.

SARNIA.—We hope you don't think we are dead, for this is not so. God is helping us to march on. A beautiful week-end was spent on the occasion of the visit of the B. O. Adjt. Blackburn, who went in with all his might. The meetings concluded with one soul at the Cross, and others deeply convicted. We are in for victory. —One who saw and heard.

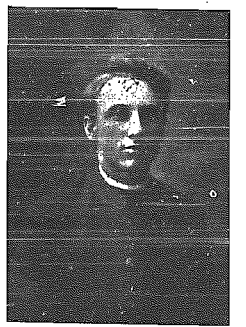
BOTHWELL.—Last Sunday two souls came to God for pardon. Monday night ice cream social. Captain Gay and Glory Jim with us. We had a good time. Come again, Captain and Jim.—It. Bennett, for Capt. Thompson.

#### Things are Going on Nicely.

SIMCOE.—We had with us recently Adjt. Goodwin, from Hamilton. She led a Sunday night meeting at the close of which a brother, his wife, and a young man came back to God. May they be kept true, is our prayer. We had a good Hallelujah wind-up at night. Friday night a cottage meeting was held, led by Adjt. McHarg. At this a young man, who is now too sick to come out to a meeting, came forward and gave his heart to God. Last night we bid adieu to Sister Mrs. Crocker, one of our best soldiers. She leaves here to reside in St. Catharines. We shall miss her. Two weeks ago we had a successful ice cream social. Good crowd, good program, finances, etc. Adjt. Goodwin led, assisted by Capt. Mathers and Hoekin, and Lieutenants Kitchen and Crawford. Our leaders, Adjt. and Mrs. McHarg, are away now on a short furlough, but we still advance under the leadership of Capt. Ringler, and mean to take more prisoners from the enemy's ranks.—Bertha Thompson, B. L. S.-M.

#### Under Deep Conviction.

BISMARCK, N.D.—Of late we have been very silent in reporting for the Cry. Ensign Perry was here on Saturday and Sunday the 21st and 22nd ult. We were favored with his most interesting address on "The Holy War of the Middle Ages." He was dressed as a crusader. Sunday night two souls found mercy at the Cross. Praise God. Several were under deep conviction. Captains Smith and Anderson have gone to the camp meetings at Jamestown.—H. T. R.



CAPT. HARMAN.

Blenheim, Ont.

#### Barracks too Small.

CHILANNE, Nfld.—We are having splendid meetings here. Our barracks is too small for our Sunday night meetings. On Sunday night we had a blessed time. Much of God's power was felt, and many were brought to tears, and one dear brother who had been a backslider for over two years, claimed pardon through the Blood of the Lamb. We are in for victory. M. Noel, Lieut.

#### Major Turner Visits Orangville.

ORANGVILLE.—Major Turner was with us on Wednesday evening, and an ice cream and cake social was held. The Major having been stationed as Captain here eleven years ago, old friends were glad to meet him. There was a good crowd present and much good done. On a recent Sunday two came out for the blessing of a clean heart. A Methodist friend came and assisted in the open-air. Yours in Him N. R. "Fricky, Capt.

#### Klondike Visitors.

VICTORIA, B. C.—We have welcomed Capt. Scott, who has just taken charge of Victoria. The first Sunday we had one soul, a backslider, Ensign Ellery and Capt. LeCocq, from Dawson, were with us for a few days. They looked well, and were a great help in the meetings. They stay in the Klondike seems to have agreed with them. They looked better than when they went in. We are on the lookout for our other officer, as Capt. Scott is alone, and is kept extremely busy.—M. L.

#### A Bright Outlook.

PILLEY'S ISLAND, Nfld.—We have nothing particularly striking to report, but we'd glad to say that things in general are bright, and our faith in God is unshaken. The War Cry are sold without any difficulty, which, of course, is encouraging to Sergt.-Major Blackburn. Bro. Simon Ward has become a splendid boonster, beginning with a few and increasing each week until he has reached twenty. I have just paid a visit to Booth Harbour, ten miles up Hall's Bay, and held two profitable meetings. The people are exceptionally kind and greatly appreciate the Army. A few weeks ago I married Sister Lewis' two-year-old child. The little one had been a sufferer since its birth, and we looked upon it as a happy release to be called higher to join the angel band. The work is doing well. Their annual picnic takes place soon.—Jim James, Capt.

#### Booming the Cry.

GLACE BAY.—Capt. Leadley is proving himself a worthy successor to Capt. Thompson as War Cry lieutenant. With the assistance of the P. S. M. and his staff, he is enabled to sell out every week. The Sunday evening open-airs are proving a great blessing, and also the meetings among the workmen in the "Stuck." If something wonderful does not happen in S. A. circles before long—one of those things which only happens once in the life of a man, or two men—then indications don't count for anything. But straws show the way the wind blows, and everything seems favorable to —. The S. A. is striding ahead in G. B. Ensign Parsons' motto: "Better wear out than rust out is all right."—Yours in the fight, Sergt.-Major.

## An American at Yarmouth

Arriving in Yarmouth on the 17th inst., I was accosted by two comrades, who were attracted by my uniform, with a "God bless you." Receiving directions as to how to find the barracks, I started off, and in a few minutes I was feeling at home, having received a very cordial welcome from the officers.

In the afternoon we took a short tour over the city, and the writer was very much impressed by the neatness of the lawns and the remarkable beauty of the hedges that surrounded nearly every dwelling.

After a good open-air we proceeded to the barracks, where we were joined by Ensign Larder, who is in charge of the local corps, assisted by Lieut. Long. We enjoyed a good inside meeting; God's presence was felt, though we saw no visible results, yet the seed was sown that shall bring forth fruit to God's glory.

Hear, hear was the next corps visitation. Here Captain Hutt and Lieut. Chandler are stationed. Good meetings all day Sunday; large audiences in both afternoon and evening meetings. Here I was informed it was hard fighting. Oh, comrades, don't give in, "God's grace is sufficient."

Arriving in Annapolis, Monday afternoon, I found Capt. Lamont holding the fort in this place. I was not privileged to attend any meetings here.

Tuesday, the 24th inst., finds me in Yarmouth again. I had arrived in time for the evening meeting. We had a fine meeting, "Hallelujah Bill," a Danish convert, being present, singing in the English language and his native tongue alike. Sergeant Forbes, a blood-and-fire warrior, gave a glowing testimony as to the cleansing power of the Blood. Father and Mother Burrows gave good testimonies as to God's power to save and to keep. Bert Horton, a young convert, was on the platform with his countenance glowing with the love of Jesus. —H. A. Sanford.

## Exhibition Notes

BRANDON, Man.—Last week, being Exhibition time, we had two days' special meetings. The officers of the District were here, and we had good crowds in both the open-air and indoor meetings. The collections were good; many under conviction, and one soul yielded. God has been blessing us all, and we are looking forward to greater victories.—Cadet Lawford, for Ensign Hynes.

## Fight to Conquer.

SOURIS, Man.—We are still fighting the devil and all his hosts, but we fight to conquer. "The seed has been sown, we now wait the harvest." There is plenty of hard work to be done, yet God will reward our labors. Hallelujah!—Bert Forbes.

## Received New Sight.

MOOSE JAW.—We have said goodbye to Capt. Tom and Miss Dunster. God bless them. We shall miss them. They have been a great blessing here. We have welcomed Capt. Stokes and Lieut. Gross to lead us on to victory. Already God has used them. Your humble correspondent has received a new sight in his eyes for five years have been very dim; in fact, of late they were getting so bad that persons advised me to get glasses or soon I would be blind. Captain Stokes told me the Lord could heal him. So about two weeks ago I took the Lord as my healer, and, bless His name, He did the work. The dimness is gone, I can see perfectly. All glory to Jesus! Another sister had spent an enormous sum of money to try to get her eyes cured, and was wearing glasses at the time. The glasses are off, and she sees as she never did before. Blessed be God! A mighty revival is at hand.—Yours for God, Tom Scott.

## Enthusiastic Musical.

SACKVILLE, N. B.—Glory be to God! We can say not dead, neither sleeping. The long-looked-for came at last, and well we knew it, for I told you Tuesday night, July 31st, was the most enthusiastic musical festival held at the Army hall for quite a number of years; in fact, one brother remarked it was the best ever held. We had a real, old-time open-air, and then we gathered for a big go at the

hall. Everybody there was delighted, and everything went with a swing. The people were much pleased with the Major's two little girls in their hoop skirts. They did marvelously. The crowd was greatly taken with the man with the curly head. Good for Mac! The collection in full amounted to \$14.65, which was fair, considering the crowd. At the close of the meeting no one yielded and gave up sin, but conviction was stamped upon many faces. The troupe's visit was a great blessing to us, and it was good to be with old friends again.—Captain and Mrs. Forsey.

## Taking Fresh Courage.

BARRE, Vt.—When Zacheus was in the crowd he was unable to see much, but after he left the crowd and got up in the tree, he could see all that was going on. He got a surprise that day, one that he never expected. Well, I'm not going to preach about Zacheus, but, you know, we tree-climbers have the advantage of those down below, and by the looks of things in the spiritual line, Barre is commencing to get a move on. Some are beginning to take fresh courage, yet there are others, if they would only take a little of the responsibility of the work of God upon their shoulders, and pitch in with the others, I'm sure would feel better. Come on, comrades, and take up your cross. Sunday was a good day. We had the joy of seeing two at the Cross.—Tree-Climber.

## A Splendid Gathering.

GREAT FALLS, Mont.—Over two thousand people gathered round our open-air ring last night, the largest crowd Great Falls has ever known, to listen and see what the Captain was going to do next. He was dressed to represent Elijah the Tishbite. The

of the people here, favored us with a solo. We extend a hearty invitation to the trumpeters and their leaders to come back again soon.—Shaurook.

## Crowds Increasing.

MISSOULA, Mont.—Captains Fisher and Nesbitt are pushing on the war and here. Last Thursday night we had an ice cream social. Everybody enjoyed it immensely and went home happy. We are having good meetings, with crowds increasing.—J. H. T. R. C.

## Times of Refreshing.

ST. JOHNS, Nfld.—We are rejoicing over great victories for our Klug and Lord. We are now about over with the farewells and welcome meetings, and are in for business. Our new officers are taking hold, and are in for pushing the claims of God upon the people. Our meetings are spiritual and times of refreshing, and we have captured 19 prisoners during the week. To God we give the glory.—A. H. C. S. C.

## Marching Orders.

KALISPELL, Mont.—Lieut. Lawman and Protzman said good-bye on Sunday night. We had also Bro. Terry, from Spokane, with us. God gave us a blessed time. Lieutenant sang and spoke a few words of farewell. Bro. Terry read the lesson. A young man came out for salvation and got blessed. Since last report a woman has been saved.—Cadet-Lieut. Tippet.

## A Week of Specials

POINT ST. CHARLES.—I look through the War Cry and seldom see anything from our corps. I think it is because our correspondent does not report more often, as there are many things of interest to write about. On



THE YEOMANS SISTERS (CAPTAIN AND SERGEANT), OF BRANTFORD, ONT.  
The sisters are renowned War Cry Husters.

great crowd stood till the very last, and gave well to the collection. The people were faithfully dealt with, and warned of their Sabbath-breaking. —Sheard and Smith.

## Full of Hope.

LEAMINGTON.—After a furlough of some length, Capt. Brantford was taken up the reins here, assisted by Lieut. Barner. They are full of hope for good times. God's Spirit is being felt in our midst. Leamington stands second to none for open-air work. There are many real opportunities for uplifting Christ at the street corners. Last night we were favored with a visit from Major and Mrs. McMillan, accompanied by the Boy Trumpeters, five in number, with Adj. Coombs, of Clatham. The Major led off in his happy style, and the singing and musical talent of the trumpeters were much appreciated by the hundreds who stood around our ring; little Norma, with the bass drum, proved a great attraction. The program given inside, on brass and stringed instruments was enjoyed very much. The Major's Bible reading was very pointed and of much profit to us all. Several went as the Major tenderly referred to dear Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips, who is now passing through the dark waters of affliction, and whose feet are now near the edge of the river. Adj. Coombs, who, by the way, has won his way into the hearts

July 19th, we had a successful ice cream social, and a very special meeting. This meeting was conducted by Brigadier Pugmire and his family, who gave their musical drills, which were beautiful. In the same meeting Staff-Capt. Taylor farewelled for his new appointment in Spokane. Lieut. Jones, who has been assisting Capt. Dawson for about one year, was promoted to the rank of Captain, and farewelled the following Sunday for Morrisburg. Last Sunday we had the pleasure of welcoming Staff-Capt. Burditt, our new Chancellor. Brigadier Pugmire, who is always welcomed by the Point St. Charles people, conducted the meeting. Last night we had with us Adj. Robert, the officer in charge of the French work in the city. Mrs. Virtue translated beautifully for the Adjutant, and Cadet Webster assisted with her singing and guitar. We invite all the visiting officers to come again.—From one who had the pleasure of being present at all these special meetings, D. S. E.

## Great Camp Meetings

LISGAR ST.—God is helping us at Lisgar St. We have just completed a special series of Camp Meetings in Dufferin Grove, in connection with this corps, led by Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs, assisted by Staff-Capt. Stanyan, Creighton, and others. From the very commencement the Spirit of God was felt, and His soul was placed up-

on our efforts. The Colonel was wonderfully helped and inspired of God, his words being a great blessing to us all. Monday, being the Civic Holiday, all the city corps united, and a very profitable day was spent. We wound up at night with about twenty souls at the Army hall, some for salvation, others for sanctification, making a total of fifty-five for the series. May God keep them true. We are in for even greater victories in the future.—Edith Mender, Cadet.

## Victory Ahead.

PRESCOTT.—Capt. Gross has farewelled and Capt. Weir, the Hallelujah Scotchman has taken charge. Good crowds on Saturday and all day on Sunday. The enemy is being put to flight, and we are going in for a wonderful soul-moving time. Keep your eye on Prescott.—Matthew Bunston R. C.

MEDICINE HAT.—God abundantly manifested His wonderful power to save at our Saturday night's meeting, August 4th, as five sin-slaves and penitents souls knelt at the Mercy Seat to be washed in the life-giving stream, and receive God's gift of eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. It was a magnificent meeting, and Christ was shining through the faces and in the testimonies and prayers of the officers and comrades. Even the sinners were joyful. Ably led, under God, by our zealous and untiring officers, the Hallelujah corps is pressing the battle home, and the number who follow the banner of the Blood-and-Fire unto victory is swelling. May God greatly bless our corps and lead it onward and upward until it becomes a great colossus against the power of hell.—P. C. Bonnell.

## Musical Toronto.

YORKVILLE.—"Staff-Captain Stan-yan will conduct a grand musical bazaar and ice-cream social," so read the announcement. And it all turned out to be a grand affair for our expectations were exceeded in every sense of the word. The music was attractive, the singing effective, the visiting officers joyful, the chairman was the right man in the right place, and the ice-cream and cake all that could be desired. Altogether we had a grand time, and Captain Richmond got blessed.—T. G. Meeks.

## Encouraging News.

KINGSTON.—Sunday very good day. Band to the front. Soldiers seem to be encouraged. We are hopeful of greater victories. Soldiers' meetings are interesting. Holiness meetings are the back-bone of the corps. No souls were saved during the past week. War Crys are all sold out. We are having a picnic on Civic Holiday, a real picnic for our corps. We have a victory. Bandsman Lake's little one is very low and not expected to live. There is hope while there is life. Mighty things in God must be sought after. There must be a real revival all round for salvation and holiness.—Chip.

## More Interesting News in Next Report.

ST. JOHNSHURRY, Vt.—We are still going on with zeal and courage. Since last writing, at least four have knelt at the penitent form seeking salvation; we trust that they are saying, "I am happy in the Lord." Stephen D. Turinton, was here a few days ago, and preached the word with power at several of the meetings. May the Lord bless and use him wherever he goes. Lieut. Lawlin, after telling faithful Sherbrooke to push them, has gone back for looking to the people here go with her, and we trust that God may bless her in soul and body. Last Thursday we had the pleasure of welcoming our former leader, Capt. Jones. We are looking ahead for victory, and we have along for the way along. To God be all the glory! Look out for our next report, as it will contain some very interesting news we expect. Brigadier Pugmire is advertised for St. Johnshurry Wednesday, Aug. 5th, and we can assure him a warm welcome.—W. C. R.

WANTED.—Reliable Christian woman to take care of a little child and do general housework for a small family. Address Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, Temple, James St., Toronto.



## Fought a Good Fight to the Finish.

(Continued from page 9.)

Training Home Staff and Women-Cadets.

South London Officers, Officers and Soldiers outside London

Slum Officers, South London Soldiers,

Bands-Tottenham and Highgate, Training Home Province Officers and Soldiers.

Band-Camberwell, Training Home Province Officers and Soldiers.

Band-Chalk Farm, North London Officers,

North London Soldiers, Bands-Woolwich and Farns Colony.

Women's Social Officers and Employees,

City Colony Officers and Employees, Hatfield Colony Officers and Employees.

Trade and Publishing Departments Officers and Employees,

National Headquarters Officers and Employees,

International Headquarters Officers and Employees,

Bands-I. H. Q. and Regiment Hall, Carriage with the General, Chief of Staff and Mrs. Booth.

Next followed the coffin on an open hearse, which was draped with the Army colors. The Army flag lay across the casket, and on it the Commissioner's cap and fiddle. This was followed in turn by Mrs. Dowdle's carriage, and thus he was borne through the crowds that packed the streets between those who loved him, and whom he loved best on earth.

Other mourning coaches were followed by representatives from corps opened by the Commissioner, with colors, rear-guard of male Cadets.

The procession was well-marched by Commissioner Carleton, whose efforts were generous, single-minded by a large staff of police officers and constables.

The route was lined with spectators, hundreds of whom had foregathered from all parts of London, and among whom we noted friends from the country and here and there the sad-looking faces of ex-officers. What reflections did the long line of red convey, we wonder, to them?

Everywhere were signs of respect, and the officers occasionally caught expressions from passers-by suggestive of a keen appreciation of the Army's tribute to its dead. Some working-men near the entrance to the cemetery discussed the procession in their own pointed style:

"He was only a railway guard, mate."

"Well, then, the chaps that the Army likes best."

"It's fit for a dook!" exclaimed another, doffing his cap as the object of the respect lay round the curve.

It was worthy of a duke—or rather, in harmony with the wishes of one who in life and death occupied a place in the front ranks of God's fighting-line.

There were two objects of chief interest, however, the spectators, the big carriage, on which rested the big coffin, and the most venerable figure in the procession, the blessed face of our beloved Commander. As his carriage wheeled over the path-way, with many a nod to the memory of the dead on either side, the General, in a muffled, choking, tearful voice, turned to his eldest son (the Chief) and said, "Branwell, I have not been here since."

So great that the days may be long before the tramp of our battalions is heard in memory of another such sorrowful event!

### THE GRAVESIDE SERVICE.

Clustering round the deep, open grave were five thousand people. Some on bits of mound, some gripping the trunks of over-hanging trees, some crouched to slither, so that they might hear, behind tombstones, and all solemnized and reverent, the scene was one to touch a heart of stone. Strong men went at the opening song. The influence had not to be manufactured. One by one the platform raised a little above the head of the

grave, was sufficient to impress the mind with a spirit of sanctified solemnity and triumph. The General, bareheaded, gave out the words, "My rest is in heaven."

To his right sat the lonely, solitary chief mourner; to his left, the Chief and Mrs. Booth, and Commissioners Combs and Howard. Viewed from the platform, what a tribute the scene presented to the sacred comradeship which the Army has created!

The sun dipped behind the young oak, and a pleasant shade brought the crowd into full view. "It's all so real. What love! How sorrow makes us all one!" a voice behind Commissioner Cadman whispered.

Colonel Lawley.

The General called on Commissioner Nicol to pray, and the Commissioner's petition was one rather of thanksgiving than of sorrow. Then Commissioner Howard read, and the General, reminding us of Commissioner Dowdle's representative life and labors, brought Colonel Lawley to the front, who touched a fountain of feeling by singing: "He breaks the power of cancelled sin." Speaking under deep emotion, the Colonel testified:

"Twenty-three years ago, I was walking up one of the crowded streets of Bradford, in Yorkshire and I saw—"

"When the roll is called in heaven," was lined out by the General, and echoing all over the cemetery—in fact, heard at the very gates—was this sweet refrain.

Then followed the last solemn rite, the lowering of the body into its final resting-place. The General made this an opportunity for another appeal to the unconverted.

He loved his uniform, and he is buried in it. For myself, I have no anxiety; I can trust my God and the General. I thank my comrades for their love and their sympathy and their prayers. Comrades, let us consecrate ourselves afresh by this open grave. I prayed, before he was put into this coffin, that God would bless all on the Farm Colony, and I have prayed that this would be one of the greatest blessings, spiritually, to our Army that has ever been. I believe it will. You that are unborn, come to Jesus. I have always told the people that God could make us equal to all things, and I have proved it hitherto. God bless you!

"When the roll is called in heaven," was lined out by the General, and echoing all over the cemetery—in fact, heard at the very gates—was this sweet refrain.

Then followed the last solemn rite, the lowering of the body into its final resting-place. The General made this an opportunity for another appeal to the unconverted.

## Across the River.

struggle he passed from time into eternity. I conducted his funeral service, to which a large crowd gathered to pay their last respects.

We never can tell when the death-bell will toll. May we all be ready.—Mrs. Adjt. Kendall.



We are prepared to answer questions and give information upon any subject as far as it is possible for us to do so. We will answer enquiries about rules and regulations, difficult subjects of Doctrine, as far as this is necessary for critical growth, about personal troubles and perplexities, or regarding general points of interest to the majority of readers. Write us frankly. Whenever a reply is such that it should be given quite confidentially, we will answer by letter, if you enclose postage stamp. We would not use your name in print, but all enquiries must sign their full name and address, as a matter of course.

About, T.-QUERY: Please tell me the meaning of Matthew xii. 43-45.

Some children, and even adults, to become now."

A graceful allusion by the General to the relatives of Commissioner Dowdle, and Mrs. Dowdle rose—pale, but strong in the faith that God was to speak through her; sorrowful, yet rejoicing; tear-stricken, and yet bright with the sunshine of Divine power.

Her first attempt failed—that is, the sentences came broken and feeble from her lips.

Commissioner Howard quickly stepped to her side and repeated word for word what Mrs. Dowdle said—a message that met and comforted many hearts, for some in that crowd, no doubt, were living below the standard of consecration, which was the crown and joy of the departed warrior—

Mrs. Dowdle.

I will try to speak, with the Lord's help. Thirty-one years ago last April, our dear General put that ring upon my finger, making us continual comrades in this Army. From that day to this we have fought many battles together; we have been one in heart, one in life, one in sympathy, one in practice, and one in aim. My precious one is gone. I shall miss him, but I do not regret; I leave it with God. I have not found it hard to say, "Thy will be done," God has been so good. He is not there (pointing to the coffin), he has gone home. He lives; I shall see him again. By the grace of God I mean to.

There never was a more loyal officer of the Salvation Army, General (turning to the General), you will never have a more loyal officer, but I hope you will have many more like him. He was true to his God, and to his Bible, and to his General, to the Salvation Army, and to our principles.

for, through some cause or other, he was a backslider, but under conviction. While at Regina, on the way to the front, he once more received pardon from God. From that time to the end, in writing to his S. A. comrades, he always spoke of God and His love to him. We rejoice in the hope of one day meeting our beloved comrade again, where war shall be no more, and where peace shall for ever reign.

Remember, backslider, Jesus now waits to be your loving Saviour. Don't make Him your just Judge.—Sergeant Major Wm. McKay, Edmonton Alberta, N. W. T.

### The Reward of the Faithful.

Death has visited Odesa corps twice within the last month.

The first to be taken from our midst was Father Howie, a Scotchman, who had been a soldier for several years. His work ended quite abruptly. Saturday he was on the market as well as usual. I enquired then about his soul, and he expressed the bright hope he had in Jesus. On arriving at his home he was suddenly attacked with inflammation, and on Sunday evening passed away to be with Jesus.

Two weeks after, Father Voorman, another old soldier, joined his comrade to again sing His praises together, but in a sweeter tongue. For some time he has been ailing, but only confined to his bed a very short time. His last hours were peaceful and happy. He would, at times, sing with his weak voice, "The heavenly gates are blowing." Without any

for a time, as they think they have proved religion to be a delusion.

Mrs. A. B. Samra.—We will reprint in some future Cry the song you asked for; possibly in our next issue.

A Reader and Worker.—The extract from Dr. Cuyler is all right and in harmony with Scripture, as well as Lolluise teaching. If properly read, when Paul speaks of that particular experience, he speaks of the time when he was not sanctified. He struggled then in a pitiable state.

Bro. W. S.—You must learn to rightly estimate everything, and not judge two pennies to be worth more than one sovereign. First, and above everything in the service of God, is the necessity of giving the right of way to love, charity, justice, mercy, kindness, and brotherliness in our life. If any ceremony, or form, or outward expression which we conscientiously consider to be essential, will go along with the exercise of the first-named essentials, then do it; if it is in the road, or hinders you in brotherly cooperation with a brother and fellow-worker, then let the lesser go and by all means cling to the greater. Secure the kernel of the nut rather than hold on to the shell, which was of use only till you got possession of the nut.

The faith of the world depends on the works of the Christian.

The counterfeits are often better looking than the genuine.

Worn and battered gold is better than newly-polished brass.

The man who really cares so, will always dare to do the right.

# HUSTLERS' UPS AND DOWNS.

The East has Re-appeared with a Fine Total—Will She Keep it Up  
Every Week?—Arab the Undisturbed Leader in Ontario  
—Nigger a Close Second—Newfoundland Keep-  
ing Up in Spite of Hot Weather.



MADAM C.O.P.—"I'll catch up to that Arab on a bike, if Nigger is too slow."

## THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

### WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

91 Hustlers.

Capt. Gibson, London	129
Treas. Mrs. Harris, London	129
Capt. Adjt. McGillivray, Brantford	129
Lieut. Yeomans, Brantford	129
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	129
Capt. Hellman, Chatham	129
Capt. Hunter, Stratford	129
Capt. Brannigan, Leamington	10

After repeated absence from the weekly rendezvous in the War Cry, the East has turned up this week the fine total of 97 hustlers. This is very up? Is there a possibility of the list being missing when the number is small? We'll see what we shall see!

Arab is a beautiful racer. He keeps a steady lead. No misses, no jumps, and hunky spells! Major McMillan is managing the noble Arab nicely.

And Nigger? No flies on him, either. He is keeping close to the tail of Arab. He has got a move on alright. Only four behind, fancy!

East Ontario, although last in On-

tario, still shows a fine total with 75 names. The Pacific by six names this week. Newfoundland is keeping a fine record, much better than for some time back, and the Klondike Contingent keeps the steady number of four.

We are pleased to reproduce on another page the photo of the Yeomans Sisters, the notable hustlers of West Ontario. May they live long, and never grow tired of selling Crys!

The Territorial Championship is taken by Mrs. Adjutant Frazer, with an easy lead of 240. Sergeant Conrad, of Halifax, is second, while Captain Gibson, of London, is third. There is a goodly number of high sellers this week.

Capt. McNahey, Sherbrooke	110
Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, Kingston	110
Capt. O'Neil, St. Albans	105
Lieut. Pittman, St. Albans	105
Lieut. McEwan, St. Albans	100
Ensign Ottaway, Ottawa	100
P. S. M. Veal, Barre	100
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	100
P. S. M. Klee, Montreal I.	80
Capt. Crego, Cobourg	75
Capt. Randall, Ottawa	75
Adjt. Ogilvie, Cornwall	70
Lieut. Thompson, Cornwall	75
Bro. Moore, Montreal I.	71
Capt. Wilson, Arnprior	70
Capt. Grose, Prescott	70
Lieut. Hicks, Newport	70
Mrs. Capt. Stacey, Gananoque	70
Adjt. Carter, Belleville	70
Sister McEwan, Arnprior	65
Capt. Jones, Burlington	65
Capt. Owen, Coteauque	65
Capt. Carter, Belleville	61
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	60
Capt. Ash, Odessa	57
Adjt. Carter, Belleville	57
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	50
Capt. Constock, Port Hope	50
Lieut. Hoole, Port Hope	50
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I.	50
Mrs. Hiltner, Montreal II.	50
Ensign Yreux, Brockville	50
Capt. Crego, Kempsville	50
Capt. Stacey, Gananoque	50
Mrs. Leaworthy, Tweed	50
Adjt. Kendall, Kingston	46
Capt. Mumford, Bloomfield	45
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	41
Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke	42
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	40
Capt. Magee, Campbellford	40
Lieut. Liddell, Campbellford	40
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV	40
Capt. Woods, Pembroke	40
Capt. Dawson, Montreal II.	34
Sergt. Newell, Barre	37
Lieut. Lang, Naperville	35
Capt. Stainforth, Naperville	35
Capt. Cook, Montreal II.	35
Mrs. Capt. Green, Perth	35
Mrs. Hundy, Burlington	35
Capt. Green, Perth	35
Capt. Pitcher, Morrisburg	30
Capt. Norman, Quebec	30
Capt. Bloss, Quebec	34
Emma LeDrew, Kingston	30
Lieut. Carter, Morrisburg	25
Capt. Gammalidge, Sunbury	25
Capt. Vance, Ottawa	24
Sieve Stanzel, Carleton Place	25
Lieut. Peacock, Kempsville	25
Mrs. Jewell, Pictou	25
Capt. Pitcher, Morrisburg	25
Sergt. Logie, Montreal I.	25
Willie Williams, Montreal I.	25
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	25
Sergt. Brown, Montreal I.	25
Sergt. Bagnall, Barre	25
Sergt. Shepherd, Quebec	25
Mrs. Crawford, Quebec	20
Malcolm Veal, Barre	20
Ensign Sims, Barre	20

## EAST vs. WEST.

### EASTERN PROVINCE.

97 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adjt. Fraser, Halifax I.	249
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax I.	209
Capt. Martin, Charlottetown	188
Lieut. Long, Yarmouth	180
P. S. M. Jennie McQueen, Moncton	180
Sergt.-Major Velnot, Halifax II.	124
Lieut. Major Ther, St. John III.	120
Cadet McKel, St. John	111
Lieut. Melkie, Campbellton	100
Sergt. Mrs. Pike, North Head	105
Capt. Leadley, Glace Bay	105
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor	105
Capt. Laws, Sydney	100
Mrs. Sergt. Sackville Hamilton	100
Cadet Evans, St. John I.	97
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, North Sydney	91
Cadet White, St. John I.	85
Lieut. R. Payne, Westville	80
Sergt. Rockwood, St. George's	75
Capt. Payne, St. George's	75
Cadet LeBlanc, Truro	75
Mrs. Capt. Forsey, Sackville	75
Harry Flood, Hamilton	75
Capt. Goodwin, Somerset	75
Sergt. Kelly, St. Georges	70
Capt. J. Green, Bridgetown	70
Cadet Evans, St. John I.	61
Sister Pittman, Summerside	60
Capt. Bradbury, Springhill	65
Capt. Doyle, Digby	65
Capt. Lorimer, St. Stephen	65
Capt. Brehaut, St. George's	64
Lieut. Young, St. John I.	60
Capt. McEwan, St. John I.	60
Father Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Lily Santine, Hamilton	60
Capt. Ryan, Truro	60

### EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

75 Hustlers.

Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	117
Mrs. Ensign Wynne, Pictou	112

### CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

87 Hustlers.

Adjt. Moore, St. Catharines	96
Sister Howcock, Lippincott St.	85
Ensign Hyde, Lindsay	80
Lieut. Bond, Owen Sound	08
Lieut. Price, Owen Sound	65
Sergt. Bowbeer, Lisgar St.	60
Lieut. Porter, Barrie	60
Cadet Brant, Ormeau	55
Lieut. Bone, Barrie	53
Capt. McQuinn, Collingswood	50
Lieut. Pattenden, Collingswood	50
Capt. Barker, Menford	50
Capt. Durnach, Menford	50
Capt. White, Riversdale	50
Lieut. Bushey, Richmond St.	50
Nellie Richards, Lindsay	50
27 Capt. Lott, Gravenhurst	42
Lieut. Phillips, Midland	40
Lieut. McLennan, Newmarket	40
Capt. Palling, Hamilton II.	40
Capt. Poole, Chesham	40
Capt. Connors, Dundas	40
Lieut. Peacock, Dundas	40
Lieut. Pattenden, Sudbury	40
Capt. Rennie, Sudbury	40
Lieut. Loggott, Riversdale	40
Capt. Stickler, Riversdale	38
Lieut. Stickells, Parry Sound	37
Capt. Huskisson, Parry Sound	37
Jennie Dauberville, Hamilton I.	35
Capt. Craig, Hamilton I.	35
Cadet McInnis, Temple	35
Sergt. Mrs. Pearce, Temple	35
Capt. Culbert, Little Current	35
Lieut. Christopher, Little Current	35
Capt. Dales, Midland	35
Sergt. Stephens, St. Catharines	32
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	30
Bro. Dixon, Temple	30
Sergt. Gorton, Temple	30
Lieut. Parker, Hamilton I.	30
Sister Kennedy, Yorkville	30
Lieut. Marskell, Faversham	30
Capt. Nyland, Rampton	30

Cadet White, St. John I.	52
Mary Stevenson, Calais	51
P. S. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Capt. Taylor, Amherst	50
Capt. Clark, Amherst	50
Adj. Fraser, Halifax I.	50
Lieut. F. Hannu, Carleton	50
Capt. J. Clark, Carleton	50
Lieut. Taylor, Amherst	50
Freddie Tucker, Somerset	50
Annie Tucker, Somerset	50
Lieut. Glanvane, Hampton	46
Lieut. G. Redmond, Dartmouth	46
Bro. Goud, St. John I.	45
D. Wilson, Southampton	45
Charlie Anderson, Somerset	45
Capt. Faneely, Pictou	43
Eugene Jennings, Springhill	43
Capt. Peckham, North Head	40
Sergt. Worth, Charlottetown	40
Sergt. Place, Hampton	40
Capt. England, St. John I.	40
Eugene C. Sabine, Westville	37
Lieut. Brown, Pictou	36
Lieut. Elsbury, Tiro	36
Lieut. Elsbury, Tiro	36
Capt. Ritchie, Parrsboro	35
Lieut. L. Lebars, Stellarton	35
Sergt. Bond, Summerside	35
Mrs. Eugene Knight, Calais	35
Lieut. Green, North Head	35
Sergt. Midge, Hamilton	35
Sergt. Wade, Hamilton	35
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Halifax II.	35
Lieut. Netting, Liverpool	30
Lieut. Chandler, Bear River	30
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, St. Stephen	30
Sergt. Mrs. Pike, Southampton	30
Lieut. Smith, Fairville	29
Sergt. Selg, Halifax I.	26
Capt. Kirk, Fairville	26
Mary Lellie, Halifax	26
Sergt. McDowd, Dartmouth	25
Sergt. Jones, St. John III.	25
P. S. Kent, Bear River	25
Bro. Letrow, Glace Bay	25
Sergt. Rice, Glace Bay	25
Adj. Crichton, Moncton	25
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Calais	22
A. Pool, Windsor	22
Cnd. N. Morrison, North Sydney	20
Sister E. J. Newell, Dartmouth	20
Mrs. Malsey, Hamilton	20
Mrs. Smith, Hamilton	20
Sergt. Marshall, St. John III.	20
Sister Martell, Glace Bay	20
Mr. Gill, Charlottetown	20
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	20
Sergt. Stephenson, Windsor	20
Minnie Burgess, Halifax I.	20

## NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

## 48 Husslers.

Cadet Cook, Winnipeg	167
Eugene Taylor, Calgary	100
Lieut. Cuslar, Jamestown	100
Bathur Harvey, Valley City	89
Freddie Chamberlain, Hail	89
Eugene Dean, Grand Forks	63
Capt. Hurst, Souris	69
Cadet Dearden, Winnipeg	59
Capt. Pearce, Brandon	54
Lieut. E. Custer, Regina	50
Capt. Stokes, Moose Jaw	50
Capt. Barrager, Port William	48
Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks	48
Capt. Elliott, Dauphin	45
Lieut. McKay, Port William	45
Capt. Livingston, Prince Albert	42
Lieut. Russell, Moorhead	42
Cadet Lawford, Brandon	42
Lieut. Bratlow, Morden	42
Capt. Myers, Devil's Lake	41
Mrs. Capt. Gilliam, Carberry	39
Mrs. Jackson, Carberry	39
Sergt. Mrs. O'Neill, Winnipeg	35
Eugene Hayes, Port Arthur	33
Capt. McKay, Port Arthur	33
Cadet Prince, Winnipeg	32
Mrs. Parker, Minto	30
Lieut. Muller, Minto	30
Lieut. Hardy, Virden	30
Lieut. Onda, Portage la Prairie	30
Sergt. Mrs. Taylor, Selkirk	30
Capt. Bell, Grafton	27
Cadet Keimig, Lethbridge	26
Lieut. Hagen, Lethbridge	26
Lieut. Nuttall, Devil's Lake	26
Capt. Anderson, Bismarck	26
Sergt. Taylor, Grand Forks	25
Mrs. Capt. Taylor, Neepawa	25
Lieut. Cook, Grafton	23
Trent, Mrs. St. John, Minnedosa	22
Adj. Bradley, Portage la Prairie	22
Sergt. Lang, Brandon	21
Capt. Glover, Lethbridge	20
Lieut. Scott, Lethbridge	20
Sister Smith, Bismarck	20
Bro. Dunlop, Calgary	20
Capt. Charlton, Calgary	20
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Winnipeg	20

## PACIFIC PROVINCE.

## 42 Husslers.

Capt. Ziebarth, Butte	105
Sergt. Glen, Butte	105
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Billings	100
Capt. Scott, Victoria	95

# To the Ladies

WE DESIRE TO ANNOUNCE OUR NEW STOCK OF

## BONNET RIBBON

EXTRA WIDE, AT 50 CENTS PER YARD,

AND LIKEWISE A SUPPLY OF

## BLUE CASHMERE

AT 50 CENTS PER YARD.

We regret to have delayed several orders for these goods, but we were disappointed in their arrival from the factory. Orders will now receive our prompt attention.

**The Trade Secretary,**  
TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Capt. Walruth, Livingston	90
Capt. Nesbitt, Missoula	90
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Anaconda	80
Capt. Gahn, Revelstoke	80
Capt. Krell, Vancouver	77
Mother Hooker	75
Capt. Miller, New Whetcom	65
Capt. Letrow, Spokane	65
Mrs. Eugene Cummins, Helena	64
Lieut. Morris, New Whetcom	60
Lieut. Boyce, Kamloops	58
Capt. Meredith, Bozeman	55
Sister Mrs. Hawthorn, Great Falls	54
Sarah Peak, Port Eastington	50
Adj. Stevens, Rossland	50
Bro. Preston, Spokane	50
Capt. Ferguson, Kamloops	48
Capt. Thoen, Rossland	48
Margie Thomas, Spokane	47
Sergt. Rothbrod, New Westminster	45
Sister Mrs. Johnson, Butte	40
Sister Lorimer, Victoria	36
Sister A. Lewis, Victoria	36
Cadet-Lieut. Smith, Great Falls	35
Sister Mrs. Crane, Vancouver	34
Capt. Sheard, Great Falls	32
Capt. Lang, Kamloops	32
Sister McDonald, Helena	26
Lieut. Saint, Lewiston	25
Cadet-Lieut. Sweet, Lewiston	25
Sister Wallender, Rossland	25
Sister N. Little, Victoria	25
Bro. Ogie, Rossland	20
Bro. Bratt, Rossland	20
Bro. Countan, Rossland	20
Sister Mrs. Elias, Spokane	20
Sister Connor, Vancouver	20
Sister Mrs. Myson, Helena	20

## NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE

Sergt.-Major Ebbstone, St. Johns I.	80
Sergt. Laidstone, St. Johns I.	70
Sergt. Jessie Edstone, St. Johns I.	45
Sergt. Andrews, St. Johns I.	40
Cadet Skinner, Harbor Grace	36
H. Mugford, St. Johns I.	35
Capt. M. Jones, St. Johns I.	32
Annie Newbury, St. Johns I.	25
Cadet Dart, St. Johns I.	21
Cadet Ledrew, St. Johns I.	20
Sister Gillman, St. Johns I.	20
S. M. Newman, Twillingate	30
Sergt. Wheeler, Twillingate	25
Ellis Payne, St. Johns I.	25
Mrs. Peddell, Harbor Grace	25
Lieut. Cummings, Harbor Grace	24
S. M. Blackmore, St. Johns I.	21
Simon Ward, St. Johns I.	20

## A Saturday Night Incident.

## BY A SOLDIER.

It was in a little Western town on a Saturday night that I walked home from meeting with a heart full of bright hopes for Sunday's meetings. God had come very near in our meeting, and although no one would yield, yet our faith ran high for souls on Sunday.

After I had gone in a shop I looked out and saw a poor old backslider standing in front of the window with misery stamped on his countenance. I proceeded to have a talk with him, when up stepped a gentleman, a perfect stranger, who mistook me for one of our officers. He talked for a while on different matters, then came round to speaking about the Army. For a while he spoke as a friend, and asked me what I thought of the Army. The reader can imagine my answer, "I am a soldier, you know, I live of sin through the Army." "Yes," he said, rather sneeringly, "how long have you belonged to the Army? Five or six months, I suppose?"—meaning that I would soon be back and change my ideas about it.

He was a surprised man when I told him that I had been a soldier for that many years and more. He then enquired how long the Army had been in our town, and I knew of any soldiers who started when the Army did, and were soldiers to-day. Thank God for a few faithful ones who are still standing. I was able by them to uphold our cause. He said he did not know of any in his town, and brought in the backsliders as his cause for having no use for religion, neither in the Army or any of the churches.

All too many souls are going daily downward to destruction on account of those who have turned their back upon Jesus. Oh, reader, were you ever saved? Did you ever love His service? Where are you to-day? Can you realize the number of precious souls that are hindered by your backsliding? There are souls in hell to-day on account of the unfaithfulness of some professing Christians.

## Backsliders, Awake from Your Dreaming!

Come back to God, start once more for heaven. He is willing Who is able to save.

The stranger went on to say that five or six souls after several years' work, was very small returns. I told him that in God's estimation, one soul was worth more than ten thousand worlds, whereupon he had no more to say, but hurriedly quit the conversation and excused himself.

He saw that five or six souls were of very great value, far more than he had ever thought of. It is hardly necessary to say that the backslider also excused himself very quickly, for he could see the ruin he was working along with others.

Oh, my comrades, let us do all we can for the redemption of the backsliders, for in helping them to the fold we are removing one of the greatest hindrances there are to God's work.

I do thank God for salvation, for the dear old Army, and for the many privileges it has given its soldiers for working for God. Many times I have been blessed by the wearing of uniform. In this way I am often led into conversation with people about their souls and the way of salvation. Comrades, wear your uniform, be bold for Christ in His noble cause. Seek the backsliders, for they are many. The devil will always flee when attacked by the sword of the Spirit.

## A Fearful Threat.

A minister and his wife, who were not in favor of the S. A., were one day scolding him in the way of salvation. Some wrong-doing on his part. The little fellow, wishing to have it ended, said, "If you don't leave off I'll—I'll—" and then remembering that that would torment his parents' soul, said, "I'll go and join the Salvation Army!"

Only a fool forgets his folly.



Selected by Adjutant Mark Ayre, Billings, Mont.

Adj. Ayre is one of our veteran officers, well known in Ontario and the far West. He has been an officer for over ten years, and came out of Bowmanville. His appointments as Captain were Sutton, Port Hope, Orillia, Parry Sound, Brudenell, and St. Catharines. Upon taking command of the newly-formed District, with Headquarters at Simcoe, in April, '93, he was promoted Ensign. He returned as D. O. again to St. Catharines, fol-

lowing which he commanded Uxbridge, Brudenell, and Lindsay Districts. Early in '95 he was appointed to the Temple, and in August of the same year he was promoted to the rank of Adjutant. At that time the Adjutant was much troubled with Asthma, which made a change of climate very desirable. He was, consequently sent to Dakota, where he opened Mandan successfully. From there he went still further West, taking his subsequent appointments in the Pacific Province, where he has commanded at Helena, Butte, Nelson, Kossland, Vancouver, Victoria, Spokane, and New Westminster. He opened the work at Billings in January, 1899, and has recently returned for a second term to that enterprising Montana town.

### Holiness Song.

Tune.—Shall we gather at the river? (B.J. 21).

1 Yes, there flows a wondrous river  
That can make the foulest clean;  
To the soul it is the giver  
Of the freedom from all sin.

Chorus.

Round us flows the cleansing river,  
Th' holy, mighty, wonder-working  
river.  
That can make a sinner  
It flows from the throne of God.

All who seek this cleansing river  
Have their deepest needs supplied:  
From all stains its waves deliver,  
To the soul when they're applied.

Have you proved this precious river,  
Perfect cleansing 'mid the  
Losing burdens that need never  
Rise again to bring you care?

On the margin of the river,  
In your status why still delay?  
Why not now be free for ever,  
And the voice of God obey?

### Love's Rolling Sea.

Tune.—My Maryland.

2 The sea of God's eternal love  
Is rolling in, is rolling in;  
The current's deep, and strong, and  
wide.  
'Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in.  
Upon its waves new hope it brings  
Of constant victory over sin;  
This blessed work it now begins,  
'Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in.

Chorus.

It's rolling in, it's rolling in,  
The sea of love is rolling in;  
Lord, I believe! Lord, I resolve—  
The Spirit's love is rolling in.

It takes away the pride of life,  
'Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in.  
It puts an end to inward strife,  
'Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in.  
It makes us to each other true;  
Beneath the Yellow, Red, and Blue;  
Come, it will do the same for you,  
'Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in.

With love for souls my life possess,  
'Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in.  
With holy zeal, oh, fill my breast!  
'Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in.  
And through me let Thy treasures  
pour,  
'Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in.

What weary hearts that now are sore  
May feel Thy touch of love once more.  
'Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in.

### Oh, Turn Ye.

Tune.—Oh, turn ye (B.B. 19, B.J. 88, S.M. 1, 100).

3 Oh, turn ye! oh, turn ye! for  
who will ye die,  
When God, in great mercy, is  
driving us nigh?  
New Jesus invites you, the Spirit says  
"Come!"  
And angels are waiting to welcome  
you home.

How vain the delusion that while you  
delay,  
Your hearts may grow better by stay-  
ing away!  
Come wretched, come starving, come  
just as you be,  
While streams of salvation are flow-  
ing so free.

In riches, in pleasure, what can you  
obtain,  
To soothe your affliction, or banish  
your pain.  
To bear up your spirit when sum-  
moned to die,  
Or take you to Christ in the clouds of  
the sky?

Why will you be starving and feeding  
on air?  
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and  
to spare;  
If still you are doubting, make trial  
and see,  
And prove that His mercy is boundless  
and free.

### Experience or Testimony.

Tune.—Jesus is my light and song.

4 Why should life a weary journey  
seem?  
Jesus is my light and song!  
Why should I my cross a burden  
deem?  
Jesus is my light and song!  
All the way is marked by love Divine.  
Round my path the rays of glory  
shine,  
Christ Himself Companion is of mine.  
Jesus is my light and song!

Chorus.

Jesus is my light, Jesus is my light,  
Jesus is my light and song!  
Jesus is my light, I'll serve Him day  
and night,  
Jesus is my light and song!  
What though foes at every hand I  
meet?

Jesus is my light and song!  
What though snarers are ready at my  
feet?

Jesus is my light and song!  
Christ Himself was first to lead the  
way,  
He was first to battle in the fray,  
Now on Him my every hope I stay,  
Jesus is my light and song!

When my feet shall reach the open  
door,  
Jesus is my light and song!  
When life's pilgrimage at last is o'er,  
Jesus is my light and song!  
This my song in countless years shall  
be,  
Love for Him Who sets the prisoner  
free,  
Love for Him Who purchased life for  
me,  
Jesus is my light and song!

### To the Judgment You Must Go!

By COLONEL LAWLEY.

Tunes.—To the uttermost He saves;  
or, There is sweet rest in heaven  
(B.J. 174).

5 Will you just give attention  
And listen now to me?  
This all-important question  
Demands much thought of thee.  
Oh, sinner, heed the warning  
That God has often given,  
To you soon death is coming,  
'Twill then be hell or heaven!

Chorus.

To the Judgment you must go!  
To the Judgment you must go!  
For that day prepare, it will soon be  
here!  
To the Judgment you must go!

To die without a Saviour,  
Oh, what a solemn day!  
To die without His favor,  
'Twill be too late to pray.  
To die, sins not forgiven—  
The record of the past!  
Will you from God be driven  
And from His presence cast?

To worlds beyond you're passing,  
Earth joys will not last long,  
Your death-bell will be tolling,  
And you to judgment gone.  
What there will be the sentence?  
'Depart!' or His 'Well done'?

Oh, may it be the welcome  
'Into My Kingdom come!'

### A Backslider's Welcome.

Tune.—Bringing in the sheaves.

6 From 'Thy home and Father  
Thou hast strayed, backslider,  
Turned thy back on Jesus,  
And thy Saviour slain.  
Though thy sins are crimson,  
All may be forgiven,  
Start again for heaven,  
Welcome home again!

Chorus.

Welcome home again!  
Welcome home again!  
By thy loving Father,  
Welcome home again! (Repeat.)

O'er the past lamenting,  
Now thy heart relenting,  
Of thy ways repenting,  
Welcome home again!  
Now thy steps retracing,  
This grand chance embracing,  
Faith all darkness chasing,  
Welcome home again!

All to Jesus bringing,  
Joy-bells now are ringing,  
Glad hearts now are singing,  
Welcome home again!  
Never to cease praying,  
No more Christ-betraying,  
Love all action swaying,  
Welcome home again!

### Solo.

BEWARE OF TOMMYROT.

Tune.—Stick to the Army, lads.  
When those who never saved a  
soul

7 Would tell us what to do,  
And try to lead that black is white—  
The false way to the true;  
While they are turning Bible-leaves  
To prove, they scarce know what,  
I softly whisper to myself,  
'Beware of tommyrot!'

Chorus.

Stick to the Army, lads, and never run  
away,  
Stick to the Army, lads, we shall  
win the day;  
For Jesus is our Leader, He is our  
Hope and Stay,  
Remember how He loved us when we  
were far away.

When theologians come along  
To split their hairs on me,  
And hand me their blue speckles  
That I may clearer see,  
I do not like to give offence,  
And send 'em all to pot,  
And so I whisper to myself,  
'Alas! what tommyrot!'

When some who're great on life's  
form

Would catch me in their net,  
And bid me to "the letter" stick,  
I bid them not to fret;  
And when before my simple view  
They all their doctrines trot,  
I smell a rat, so sadly say,  
'Shut up your tommyrot!'

When some to pieces try to pick  
Our dear old Gen'l, too,  
Who are not fit to black his boots,  
Much less to wear his shoe,  
I feel it is a waste of time  
To give it to 'em hot;  
For maybe 'tis our cross to bear  
A bit of tommyrot!

The Army's saved a lot of souls—  
Far more than tongue can tell—  
Who, but for drums and uniform,  
Might now have been in hell.  
The Pharisees Christ could not save—  
They bothered Him a lot;  
That's why He said the different  
words),  
'Beware of tommyrot!'

Adj. Phillips.

## Coming Events.

### COLONEL JACOBS,

accompanied by

Staff-Capt. Stanyon and the

Staff Band, will visit

RIVERSIDE, Sunday, September 2.

### LIEUT.-COL. MARGETTS

and MAJOR TURNER

will visit

HAMILTON, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 25th

and 26th.

### LIEUT.-COL. MARGETTS

Territorial Secretary.

Accompanied by the PROVINCIAL

OFFICER, will visit

Fredrickton, Sat. and Sun. Sept. 8, 9.

St. John I., Mon. Sept. 10, 11, 12.

St. John III., Thursday, Sept. 13.

St. John V., Saturday, Sept. 15.

St. John III., Sunday, Sept. 16.

### LIEUT.-COL. MRS. READ

Accompanied by LIEUT. BELL, will

visit

Montreal, Sun. and Mon., Aug. 28, 29.

### BRIGADIER GASKIN

will visit

RIVERSIDE, Thursday Aug. 30, and

Monday, Sept. 3, Opening of New

Barracks, Monday, Sept. 3, Hal-

lelujah Wedding.

### BRIGADIER GASKIN and MAJOR

TURNER

will conduct Special Meetings at

THE TEMPLE, Sunday, September 2.

### MAJOR PICKERING

accompanied by the

Salvation Hand Bell Ringers

will visit

Charlottetown, Sat., Sun., and Mon.

Aug. 25, 26, 27.

Summerside, Tues. and Wed., Aug.

28, 29.

Springhill, Thursday, Aug. 30.

Parabro, Fri., Sat., and Sun., Aug.

31, Sept. 1, 2.

Canning, Monday, Sept. 3.

Kentville, Tuesday, Sept. 4.

Windsor, Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 5, 6.

Annapolis, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 5, 6.

St. John V., Saturday, Sept. 15.

St. John III., Sunday, Sept. 16.